POEMS · OF · PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GERMANY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

REFERENCE LIBRARY OF
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON
Archive
Collection

This book may not leave the Offices
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

Poems of Places.

Edited by H. W. LONGFELLOW. Each volume, 18mo, $1.00; the set, thirty-one volumes, in box, $25.00; half calf, $50.00.

1–4. England and Wales; 5. Ireland; 6–8. Scotland, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden; 9, 10. France and Savoy; 11–13. Italy; 14, 15. Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Holland; 16. Switzerland and Austria; 17, 18. Germany; 19. Greece and Turkey (in Europe); 20. Russia, including Asiatic Russia; 21–23. Asia; 24. Africa; 25, 26. New England; 27. Middle States; 28. Southern States; 29. Western States; 30. British America, Mexico, South America; 31. Oceanica.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.
CRABBE.

GERMANY

VOL. I.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

Copyright, 1877.
By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
INTRODUCTORY.		
HERMANN AND THUSNELDA	*F. G. Klopstock*	1
THE GERMAN THE DEAREST	*A. W. Schreiber*	2
THE GERMAN FATHERLAND	*E. M. Arndt*	4
THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND	*Anonymous*	6
GERMANY	*Lord Byron*	7
THE HAPPIEST LAND	*From the German*	7
GERMANY	*F. Freiligrath*	9
MY NATIVE LAND	*G. P. Schmidt*	12
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE (AACHEN).		
MAXIMILIAN, ROMAN KING	*G. von Auersperg*	13
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE	*W. Wordsworth*	15
THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE	*B. Taylor*	16
THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE	*Sir A. de Vere*	18
THE HUNTING-HORN OF CHARLEMAGNE	*The Hon. Mrs. Norton*	19
THE CONVERSION OF WITEKIND	*J. N. Vogl*	22
THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG	*F. von Schiller*	27
ALTENAHR.		
THE KNIGHT'S LEAP	*C. Kingsley*	31
AUGSBURG.		
MAX AND DÜRER	*G. von Auersperg*	33
BADEN-BADEN.		
ELEGY	*F. von Matthisson*	35
BADENWEILER.		
THE GRAVE AT BADENWEILER	*Anonymous*	39
AT BADENWEILER	"	40
BERCHTESGADEN.		
THE EDELWEISS GATHERER	*F. von Kobell*	41
BERLIN.		
THE JUVENIS ADORANS	*N. L. Frothingham*	42

BIBERICH.
THE RHINE NEAR BIBERICH . . . . . *T. G. Appleton* . . 44

BINGEN.
BINGEN ON THE RHINE . . . . . *The Hon. Mrs. Norton* 46
GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP . *R. Southey* 50

BLACK FOREST, THE (SCHWARZ-WALD).
ALLERHEILIGEN . . . . . *R. Noel* 53
THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE. . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . . 56
ON THE DANUBE NEAR ITS SOURCE . . . *J. Cochrane* . . . 56

BLENHEIM (BLINDHEIM).
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM . . . . . *R. Southey* 57
BLENHEIM . . . . . *J. Addison* 60

BONN.
A TRUANT HOUR . . . . . *H. Alford* 62

BREMEN.
IN PORT. . . . . *H. Heine* 63

BRESLAU.
THE BRESLAU BELL-FOUNDER. . . . . *W. Müller* 65

BÜSEN, THE ISLAND.
OLD BÜSEN . . . . . *Ditmarsch Popular Song* 69

COBLENTZ.
COBLENTZ . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 70

COLOGNE.
THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE. . . . . *F. Rückert* 71
IN THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE . . . *W. Wordsworth* . . 72
THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE . . . . . *T. Hood* 73
SAINT CHRISTOPHER . . . . . *N. L. Frothingham* . 75
THOMAS AQUINAS . . . . . *W. Maginn* . . . 75

DANNENBERG.
COVENANT-SONG BEFORE BATTLE. . . . *K. T. Körner* . . . 77

DÖFFINGEN.
COUNT EBERHARD, THE WEEPER OF WÜRTEMBERG . . . . . *F. von Schiller* . . 80

DRACHENFELS.
DRACHENFELS . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 83
ON THE DRACHENFELS . . . . . *F. Freiligrath* . . . 84
THE NIGHT-WATCH ON THE DRACHENFELS *H. Heine* 85

EHRENBREITSTEIN.
EHRENBREITSTEIN . . . . . *Lord Byron* . . . 86

EISENACH.
SAINT ELIZABETH . . . . . *W. W. Story* . . . 87
LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 90

EUTIN.
EUTIN . . . . . *J. H. Voss* 92

EYLAU.
THE BATTLE OF EYLAU . . . . . *I. Mc Lellan* . . . 95

FRANKFORT.
ON ENTERING FRANKFORT AFTER A LONG TOUR THROUGH SWITZERLAND . . . . *J. Cochrane* . . . 98
GOETHE'S MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, 1821 . . . . . *H. Heine* 98

GÖTTINGEN.
SONG . . . . . *G. Canning* . . . 99
MARIA-SPRING . . . . . *Anonymous* . . . 100

GRAVELOTTE.
THE STEEDS OF GRAVELOTTE . . . . . *K. Gerok* 103

GRESSENIG.
GRESSENIG . . . . . *R. E. Egerton Warburton* 105

HALLE.
HALLE . . . . . *H. Heine* 107

HAMBURG.
AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG. *J. R. Lowell* . . . 108

HAMELN.
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN . . . . *R. Browning* . . . 111

HANAU.
PRINCE WREDE'S DEATH . . . . . *A. Rapp* 121

HARZ MOUNTAINS.
RIDE TO THE HARZ IN WINTER . . . . *J. W. von Goethe* . 122
HARZ MOUNTAINS . . . . . " . 125
LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST . . . . *S. T. Coleridge* . . 130
FROM THE HARZ . . . . . *F. Freiligrath* . . 131
HEINE . . . . . *M. Arnold* . . . 135

HEIDELBERG.
HYMN FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG . . . . . *W. Wordsworth* . . 137

HEIDELBERG (*continued*).
THE KAISER'S FEAST . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . . 138
OLYMPIA MORATA . . . . . *H. Taylor* 141
HEIDELBERG, ON THE TERRACE . . . . *W. H. Pollock* . . 142
HEISTERBACH, THE ABBEY.
THE MONK OF HEISTERBACH . . . . . *K. W. Müller* . . 143
HIRSCHAU, THE ABBEY.
THE SCRIPTORIUM . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 145
HOCHHEIM.
THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM *W. Wordsworth* . . 148
HOHENLINDEN.
HOHENLINDEN . . . . . *T. Campbell* . . . 149
ILMENAU.
WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS . . . . . *J. W. von Goethe* . 150
ILSENSTEIN.
PRINCESS ILSE . . . . . *H. Heine* 151
ISAR (ISER), THE RIVER.
TO A BAVARIAN GIRL . . . . . *B. Taylor* 153
JAUER.
HEDWIG'S WELL, NEAR JAUER . . . . *K. T. Körner* . . 154
KATZBACH, THE RIVER.
THE TRUMPETER OF KATZBACH . . . . *J. L. Uhland* . . . 155
BLÜCHER'S BALL . . . . . *A. L. Follen* . . . 156
KEVELAER.
THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR . . . . *H. Heine* 158
KITZEN.
LEAVE-TAKING FROM LIFE . . . . . *K. T. Körner* . . 161
KOESEN.
A LEGEND OF KOESEN BRIDGE . . . . *G. Browning* . . . 162
KUNERSDORF.
THE FIELD OF KUNERSDORF . . . . . *From the German* . 164
KYFFHÄUSER MOUNTAINS.
FRIEDRICH ROTHBART . . . . . *E. Geibel* 167
BARBAROSSA'S FIRST AWAKENING . . . *F. Freiligrath* . . 169
BARBAROSSA . . . . . *F. Rückert* . . . 172
KYNAST, THE CASTLE.
THE GREETING OF KYNAST . . . . . " . . . 174
LAACH, THE LAKE.
GOOD MORNING . . . . . *F. Freiligrath* . . 178

LAHNECK, THE CASTLE.
The Salutation of a Spirit . . . . *J. W. von Goethe* . 180
The Church of St. John, and the Ruins of Lahneck Castle . . . . . *L. E. Landon* . . 181

LANGEWINKEL.
Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moon-beams . . . . . *E. Geibel* 182

LECH, THE RIVER.
Sonnet on the Death of the Bavarian General Tilly . . . . . *W. Herbert* . . . 184

LEIPSIC (LEIPZIG).
The Leipsic Tournament . . . . . *From the German* . 185
Poniatowski . . . . . *P. J. de Béranger* . 188

LICHTENWALD.
Harras, the Bold Leaper . . . . . *K. T. Körner* . . 191

LORRAINE.
Lorraine (Lothringen) . . . . . *F. K. Crosby* . . . 194

LUDWIGSHOF.
The Royal Portraits . . . . . *W. D. Howells* . . 197

LÜTZEN.
Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus . *G. Adolphus* . . . 201

MAGDEBURG.
The Sack of Magdeburg . . . . . *W. Maginn* . . . 202
The Destruction of Magdeburg . . . *J. W. von Goethe* . 204
The Fall of Magdeburg . . . . . *J. B. Norton* . . . 206

MANNHEIM.
Sandt, the Murderer of Kotzebue . . *G. Croly* 207

MAYENCE (MENTZ, MAINZ).
Henry Frauenlob . . . . . *G. von Auersperg* . 209

MEISSEN.
The Land Salique . . . . . *W. Shakespeare* . . 211

MINDEN.
Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden *E. Darwin* . . . 212

MOHRIN, THE LAKE.
The Great Crab in Lake Mohrin . . *A. Kopisch* . . . 214

MOSELLE (MOSEL), THE RIVER.
The Moselle . . . . . *Ausonius* 217
The Moselle . . . . . *H. G. Bell* 222

MUMMELSEE.
The Lily-Maidens . . . . . *J. C. Mangan* . . 224
Not at Home . . . . . " . . 225
NASSAU.
Heinz von Stein . . . . . *J. V. Scheffel* . . . 226
NAUMBURG.
The Hussites before Naumburg . . . *From the German* . 228
NECKAR, THE RIVER.
The Passage . . . . . *J. L. Uhland* . . . 229
To the River Neckar . . . . . *J. Cochrane* . . . 230
The Neckar . . . . . *L. S. Costello* . . . 231
NORTH SEA.
Thalatta . . . . . *H. Heine* 232
NUREMBERG (NÜRNBERG).
Hans Sach's Poetical Mission . . . *J. W. von Goethe* . 234
Albert Dürer's Studio . . . . . *J. G. Holland* . . 240
Nuremberg . . . . . *H. W. Longfellow* . 241
OBER-AMMERGAU.
The "Christus" . . . . . *J. C. R. Dorr* . . . 245
ODENWALD.
Starlight in the Odenwald . . . . *B. Taylor* 246
The Wild Huntsman . . . . . *F. Hemans* . . . 248
PADERBORN.
Dialogue on the Paderborn Heath . . *H. Heine* 250
POTSDAM.
Potsdam and Sansouci . . . . . *A. von Rapp* . . . 252
PREVORST.
To the Ghost-Seeress of Prevorst after
her Decease . . . . . *J. C. Mangan* . . 253

INTRODUCTORY.

HERMANN AND THUSNELDA.

HA! there comes he, with sweat, with blood of Romans,
And with dust of the fight all stained! O, never
Saw I Hermann so lovely!
Never such fire in his eyes!

Come! I tremble for joy; hand me the Eagle,
And the red, dripping sword! come, breathe, and rest thee;
Rest thee here in my bosom;
Rest from the terrible fight!

Rest thee, while from thy brow I wipe the big drops,
And the blood from thy cheek! — that cheek, how glowing!
Hermann! Hermann! Thusnelda
Never so loved thee before!

No, not then, when thou first, in old oak-shadows,
With that manly brown arm didst wildly grasp me!

Spell-bound I read in thy look
That immortality, then,

Which thou now hast won. Tell to the forests,
Great Augustus, with trembling, amidst his gods now,
Drinks his nectar; for Hermann,
Hermann immortal is found!

"Wherefore curl'st thou my hair? Lies not our father
Cold and silent in death? O, had Augustus
Only headed his army, —
He should lie bloodier there!"

Let me lift up thy hair; 't is sinking, Hermann;
Proudly thy locks should curl above the crown now!
Sigmar is with the immortals!
Follow, and mourn him no more!

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE GERMAN THE DEAREST.

OF all the lands on earth that be,
The German land 's the land for me;
Bedewed with Heaven's blessing;
And though nor gold nor jewels rare,
Good store of men and maidens fair,
And corn and wine, possessing.

Of all the tongues on earth that be,
The German tongue 's the tongue for me;
Sweet sounds it may not borrow:

But when our hearts would hold discourse,
We ne'er shall find it lacketh force
To tell of joy or sorrow.

Of all the maids on earth that be,
The German maid 's the maid for me;
A beauteous violet seeming;
With sweetest fragrance to the sense,
With not a thorn to give offence,
Through many a summer beaming.

Of all the wives on earth that be,
The German wife 's the wife for me;
In form and mind a treasure.
At home her ministry is seen;
She will not roam abroad, I ween,
To find elsewhere her pleasure.

Of customs that on earth there be,
The German customs give to me, —
Good customs, — I revere them.
Through them men, hale in heart and limb,
Alternate sense with wit and whim,
And keep the wine-cup near them.

Then fill it up with German wine,
That cometh from our German Rhine,
To every heart's elation;
Long live our German fatherland!
Long live of love and truth the band
In our Confederation!

Aloys Wilhelm Schreiber. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

WHICH is the German's fatherland?
Is 't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
Is 't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
Or where the Northern sea-gull screams? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria's or Styria's land?
Is 't where the Marsian ox unbends?
Or where the Marksman iron rends? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Pomerania's, or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is 't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well. —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great. —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is 't what the Princess won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland 's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land! —
As far 's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings, —
That is the land, —
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the graspéd hand, —
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies; —
That is the land, —
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band, —

Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow; —
That is the land, —
All Germany 's thy fatherland!

Ernst Moritz Arndt. Tr. J. Macray.

THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND.

KNOW ye the land where, tall and green,
The ancient forest-oaks are seen?
Where the old Rhine-waves sounding run
Through vineyards gleaming in the sun? —
We know the lovely land full well;
'T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where truth is told,
Where word of man is good as gold?
The honest land where love and truth
Bloom on in everlasting youth? —
We know that honest land full well;
'T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where each vile song
Is banished from the jovial throng?
The sacred land where, free from art,
Religion sways the simple heart? —
We know that sacred land full well;
'T is where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Anonymous. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

GERMANY.

FROM Poland they came on through Prussia Proper,
And Konigsberg the capital, whose vaunt,
Besides some veins of iron, lead, or copper,
Has lately been the great Professor Kant.
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper
About philosophy, pursued his jaunt
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions
Have princes, who spur more than their postilions.

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and the like,
Until he reached the castellated Rhine; —
Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:
A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas-over.

Lord Byron.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;

Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

* * *

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend, —
There lies the happiest land!"

From the German. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

GERMANY.

YES, Germany is Hamlet! Lo!
Upon her ramparts every night
There stalks in silence, grim and slow,
Her buried Freedom's steel-clad sprite,
Beckoning the warders watching there,
And to the shrinking doubter saying:
"They 've dropt fell poison in mine ear,
Draw thou the sword! no more delaying!"

He listens, and his blood runs cold;
The horrid truth, at length laid bare,
Drives him to be the avenger bold, —
But will he ever really dare?
He ponders, dreams, but at his need
No counsel comes, firm purpose granting,
Still for the prompt, courageous deed
The prompt, courageous soul is wanting.

It comes from loitering overmuch,
Lounging, and reading, — tired to death;
Sloth holds him in its iron clutch,
He 's grown too "fat and scant of breath."

His learning gives him little aid,
  His boldest act is only thinking;
Too long in Wittenberg he stayed
  Attending lectures, — maybe, drinking.

And so his resolution fails,
  Madness he feigns, thus gaining time,
Soliloquizes too, and rails,
  And curses "time" and "spite" in rhyme.
A pantomime must help him, too,
  And when he does fight, somewhat later,
Why, then, Polonius Kotzebue
  Receives the stab, and not the traitor.

So he endures, thus dreamily,
  With secret self-contempt, his pain:
He lets them send him o'er the sea,
  And, sharp in speech, comes home again;
Jeers right and left, — his hints are dark, —
  Talks of a "king of shreds and patches,"
But for a deed? God save the mark!
  No deed from all his talk he hatches.

At last he gets the courage lacked,
  He grasps the sword to keep his vow, —
But ah! 't is in the final Act,
  And only serves to lay him low.
With those his hate has overcome,
  Scourging at last their black demerits,
He dies, — and then with tuck of drum
  Comes Fortinbras, and all inherits.

Thank God! we 've not yet come to this,
The first four acts have been played through;
See, lest the parallel there is
Be in the Fifth Act borne out too.
Early and late we hope, and pray:
O hero, come, — no more delaying, —
Gird up your loins, act while you may,
The spectre's solemn call obeying.

O, seize the moment, strike to-day,
There still is time, — fulfil your part
Ere with his poisoned rapier's play
A French Laertes find your heart.
Let not a Northern army clutch
Your rightful heritage beforehand.
Beware! And yet I doubt me much
If next the foe will come from Norland.

Resolve, and put fresh courage on!
Enter the lists, make good your boast!
Think on the oath that you have sworn;
Avenge, avenge your father's ghost!
Why thus forever dilly-dally?
Yet — dare I scold? — a poor old dreamer, —
I 'm, after all, "a piece of thee,"
Thou ever-loitering, lingering schemer!

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. A. L. Wister.

MY NATIVE LAND.

BEFORE all lands, in east or west,
I love my native land the best;
With God's best gifts 't is teeming;
No gold or jewels here are found,
Yet men of noble soul abound,
And eyes of joy are gleaming.

Before all tongues, in east or west,
I love my native tongue the best;
Though not so smoothly spoken,
Nor woven with Italian art,
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,
The word is never broken.

Before all people, east or west,
I love my countrymen the best, —
A race of noble spirit.
A vigorous mind, a generous heart
To virtue bound, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.

To east and west I reach my hand;
My heart I give my native land;
I seek her good, — her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortunes and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.

Georg Philipp Schmidt. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

GERMANY.

Aix-la-Chapelle (*Aachen*).

MAXIMILIAN, ROMAN KING.

"A GOLDEN crown on the worn-out head is a heavy load for me, —
My strong son, Max, the burden will be easier for thee!
The sceptre I wield tremblingly will rest firm in thy hand," —
The old Emperor was thinking so, and so thought all the land.

'T is Max's coronation. At Aix, in the minster's nave,
Flash the mitres and the helmets, the silks and velvets wave;
On his brow the holy ointment inaugurates his reign,
And with steady grasp he handles the sword of Charlemagne.

Behold Cologne's gray bishop before the altar stand,
Like a true friend and cordial, Old Age now shakes his hand,

Yet firmly and without trembling he places the jewelled crown,
He knows that on a better head priest never set it down.

The organ has ceased its pealing. There follows a collation,
Where sit the lords and princes, — to crown the coronation!
From urns of silver gurgle streams of refreshing wine,
And blue clouds are curling upwards where the golden platters shine.

The Palatine swung the goblet, and rose to a taunting toast:
"To old father Rhine, a bumper! for who, my lords, will boast
That he can show a jewel, in all his broad domain,
Which, like my purple vintage, can fire the heart and brain?"

Then the princes in succession praise the kingdom and the throne,
The old Emperor praises Austria, and each one lauds his own;
To the Bishop his great minster the world's great marvel seems;
And Louis of Bavaria lauds her meadows and blue streams.

From Saxony, Sir Albert says, "In sooth, my treasures shine
As ores of gold and iron, in the dark shafts of the mine;

The gold our women teaches to be refined and pure,
The iron makes our manhood reliable and sure."

Then spake the Wurtemberger, Count Everhard of the Beard,
"Such jewels in my country have never yet appeared;
But there 's not in all its borders a wilderness so deep,
That, on a subject's pillow there, I could not safely sleep."

Max once in such a contest would have had a word to say;
But now the dark earth buries all the brightness of his day:
In melancholy silence a moment lost he stands.
In his own, then, gently presses the Wurtemberger's hands.

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. J. O. Sargent.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the seat of Charlemagne?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew?
Why does this puny church present to view
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair;
This sword that one of our weak times might wear;
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true?
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim

A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
That Roland clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labor left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

William Wordsworth.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

I STOOD in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,
That from the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mouldering tower,
And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier day, —
Of saint and knight, the tourney's pomp, and the Minnesinger's lay!

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,
And through the chancel-oriel came a splendor soft and dim,
Till dusky shrine and painting old glowed in the lustre wan:
Below me was a marble slab, — the tomb of Charlemagne.

A burst of organ-music rang so grandly, sadly slow,
It seemed a requiem thundered o'er the dead who slept below;

And with the sound came thronging round the stern
men of that time,
When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice
was crime.

I thought upon the day when he, whose dust I stood
upon,
Ruled with a monarch's boundless right the kingdoms
he had won, —
When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the
Baltic's wave;
And now — the lowest serf might stand, unheeded, on
his grave.

And ruthless hands despoiled his dust, attired in regal
pride,
The crown upon his crumbled brows, and Joyeuse by
his side, —
Whose rusted blade, at Roncéval, flamed in the hero's
hand
In answer to the silver horn of the Paladin, Roland.

I stood on that neglected stone, thrilled with the glo-
rious sound,
While bowed at many a holier shrine the worshippers
around, —
And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many
a taper dim,
And priestly stoles went sweeping by, — I could but
think of him!

I saw the boy with yellow locks, crowned at St. Deny's
shrine;
The emperor in his purple cloak, the lord of all the
Rhine;
The conqueror of a thousand foes, in battle stern and
hard;
The widowed mourner at thy tomb, O fairest Hilde-
garde!

Long pealed the music of the choir through chancel-
arch and nave,
As, lost in those old memories, I stood upon his grave;
And when the morning anthem ceased, and solemn mass
began,
I left that minster gray and old, — the tomb of Char-
lemagne!

Bayard Taylor.

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

AMID the torch-lit gloom of Aachen's aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven "Carlo-Magno." Regal style
Was needed none: that name such thoughts restored
As sadden, yet make nobler men the while.
They rolled the marble back: with sudden gasp
A moment o'er the vault the kaiser bent,

Where still a mortal monarch seemed to reign.
Crowned, on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne!

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

THE HUNTING-HORN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Among other relics preserved in the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is the ivory hunting-horn of Charlemagne. It is massive and heavy, and the attempt of the guide to sound it (for the amusement of tourists and strangers) is singularly unsuccessful, the note produced being the most faint and lugubrious which it is possible to conceive.

SOUND not the horn! — the guarded relic keep:
A faithful sharer of its master's sleep:
His life it gladdened, to his life belonged, —
Pause, ere thy lip the royal dead hath wronged.
Its weary weight but mocks thy feeble hand;
Its desolate note, the shrine wherein we stand.
Not such the sound it gave in days of yore,
When that rich belt a monarch's bosom wore, —
Not such the sound! Far over hill and dell
It waked the echoes with triumphant swell;
Heard midst the rushing of the torrent's fall,
From castle crag to roofless ruined hall,
Down the ravine's precipitous descent,
Through the wild forest's rustling boughs it went,
Upon the lake's blue bosom lingered fond,
And faintly answered from the hills beyond:

Pause! — the free winds that joyous blast have borne:
Dead is the hunter! — silent be the horn!

Sound not the horn! Bethink thee of the day
When to the chase an emperor led the way;
In all the pride of manhood's noblest prime,
Untamed by sorrow, and untired by time,
Life's pulses throbbing in his eager breast,
Glad, active, vigorous, — who is now at rest:
How he gazed round him with his eagle eye,
Leapt the dark rocks that frown against the sky,
Grasped the long spear, and curbed the panting steed
(Whose fine nerves quiver with his headlong speed),
At the wild cry of danger smiled in scorn,
And firmly sounded that re-echoing horn!

Ah! let no touch the ivory tube profane
Which drank the breath of living Charlemagne;
Let not like blast by meaner lips be blown,
But by the hunter's side the horn lay down!

Or, following to his palace, dream we now
Not of the hunter's strength, or forest bough,
But woman's love! Her offering this, perchance, —
This, granted to each stranger's casual glance,
This, gazed upon with coldly curious eyes,
Was given with blushes, and received with sighs!
We see her not; — no mournful angel stands
To guard her love-gift from our careless hands;
But fancy brings a vision to our view, —
A woman's form, the trusted and the true:
The strong to suffer, though so weak to dare,
Patient to watch through many a day of care,
Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,

And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile;
Even such I see! Her maidens, too, are there,
And wake, with chorus sweet, some native air;
But though her proud heart holds her country dear,
And though she loves those happy songs to hear,
She bids the tale be hushed, the harp be still,
For one faint blast that dies along the hill.
Up, up, she springs; her young head backward thrown;
"He comes! my hunter comes! — mine own, — mine own!"

She loves, and she is loved, — her gift is worn, —
'T is fancy, all! — And yet — lay down the horn!

Love, — life, — what are ye? — since to love and live
No surer record to our times can give!
Low lies the hero now, whose spoken name
Could fire with glory, or with love inflame;
Low lies the arm of might, the form of pride,
And dim tradition dreameth by his side.
Desolate stand those painted palace-halls,
And gradual ruin mines the massy walls,
Where frank hearts greeted many a welcome guest,
And loudly rang the beaker and the jest; —
While here, within this chapel's narrow bound,
Whose frozen silence startles to the sound
Of stranger voices ringing through the air,
Or faintly echoes many a humble prayer;
Here, where the window, narrow arched, and high,
With jealous bars shuts out the free blue sky, —
Where glimmers down, with various-painted ray,

A prisoned portion of God's glorious day, —
Where never comes the breezy breath of morn,
Here, mighty hunter, feebly wakes thy horn!

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE CONVERSION OF WITEKIND.

AT midnight, alone,
On the red battle-field
Stands Witekind, Chief of the Saxon Host —
Alas for him! — the day has been lost;
All dimmed show his axe and shield,
And himself stands there like a man of stone!
Woe, woe, woe,
O, woe for thee, Prince Witekind!

Around him lie piled,
All stiff and stark,
His warriors, covered with wounds and blood,
Yet calm in feature! The iron mood
And countenance fierce and dark
Of the Saxon, when dead, are those of a child!
Brave, grave, suave,
Were the warriors of noble Witekind!

But Witekind's heart
It burns like fire, —
"O Karl!" he cries, "the Gods I adore
Will yet avenge me in streams of gore.
Thou shalt not baffle their ire, —
Low, low shalt thou lie before we part!

Bow, now, thou
By Irmia shalt, before Prince Witekind!"

In a pilgrim's garb,
Which hides his mail,
He wends his way by the Weser's flood,
He thirsts, he burns for the Emperor's blood, —
He hath sworn he shall not fail,
And forthright as the javelin-barb,
He speeds to his goal,
The brave, the untamed, the headlong Witekind!

* * *

Through the gates of Aix,
In his dark apparel,
He glides as a ghost through the throngéd street.
"Say, where, my friend, am I like to meet
Thy blessed Emperor Karl?
I bear him weighty tidings to-day!"
Thus asked of a monk
The valorous Pagan warrior, Witekind.

The monk replied, —
"All Europe appears
Too narrow to yield the great Karl a home!
But hie thee hence to the Minster-dome,
For there, in the morning tide
He hearkens the holy Mass with tears!"
The heathen frowned.
Little weeted the monk he had parted with Witekind.

Few minutes more
And the Pagan Chief

For the first time stands upon holy ground.
With cold fixed eye he gazes around.
Of the holy Christian belief,
Of the God whom the Nazarene priests adore,
What knows or cares
The barbarous idol-worshipper, Witekind?

* * *

Long stands he apart,
All stern of mood,
He thinks on the corses gory and pale
That strew the depths of the Weser Vale,
And naught but his conqueror's blood
Can quench the fires of his vengeful heart!
So deems and dreams
For a time as yet the haught Prince Witekind!

But there flows anon
From the marvellous choir
A strain of melody full and clear.
What magic is it enchants the ear?
The tones of the voice and lyre
Are blent with angelic sweetness in one;
And soon the sword
Falls loosened and lost from the grasp of Witekind!

And the tinkling bell
Gives forth a sound, —
And the faithful, nobles and dames, bow down,
And Karl bends lowly his head and crown,
His golden crown to the ground.
Then awhile is hushed the choir's deep swell;

And awe and amaze
Succeed to delight in the soul of Witekind.

And slowly he falls
On his bended knee.
Emotions he never hath known before
Pervade him now to the bosom's core.
Yet never with joy so free
Hath he worshipped stone in his own rude halls.
He adoreth God
With a spirit unbound from fear, he Witekind!

The Mass is o'er,
And the holy hymns
Are chaunted anew by old and young,
And as Witekind hears them freshly sung
There thrills through his heart and limbs
A deeper ecstasy: more and more
To his bosom's core,
The power of Christ becomes known to Witekind!

"Yes, Karl!" he cries,
"Thy God is in truth
A greater than all my gods by far.
There dawns on my soul a heavenly star.
I have worshipped idols from youth;
But henceforth, mark me, I turn mine eyes
To Christ alone!"
So spake unto Karl the noble Prince Witekind.

And Karl replied, —
And these were his words, —

"All honor to thee, my friend, my mate!
Thou Saxon Lion, my foe of late!
For Christ is the Lord of Lords,
And God like Him there is none beside-
Thine angel hath
Sent thee hither to-day, O valorous Witekind!

"The mighty God
Hath chosen thee!
He hath work, no doubt, for thee to do.
Be thou but faithful and leal and true,
And thou in thy turn shalt see
That never another hero trod
The earth whose worth
And glory will match thine own, O Witekind!

"Rule henceforth o'er
Fair Saxony's land;
Rule thou, and thine heirs to the latest age, —
Thy name will yet shine in history's page
In colors glowing and grand!"
That mightiest Emperor spake no more.
But the crowd aloud
Praised God for the change in the heart of Witekind.

Johann Nepomuk Vogl. Tr. J. C. Mangan.

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

AT Aachen, in imperial state,
In the hall with age embrownéd,
Mid solemn pomp King Rudolph sate
At the feast, — a Cæsar crownéd.
The cates the Palgrave of the Rhine, —
Bohemia bore the sparkling wine, —
And all the Electors seven,
As round the sun the planet crew,
Encircled with their service due
The lord of that earthly heaven.

And glad spectators thronged around,
On the high balconies seated;
And the shrill-voiced trumpet's brazen sound
The shouting crowds repeated, —
Since ended the rule of blood and crime,
That long had marked that kingless time;
The justice-seat no longer,
Bereft of the judge, was usurped by the spear,
Nor the weak and peaceful had cause for fear
To be made the prey of the stronger.

Now the Cæsar has grasped the goblet of gold,
And he speaks with joyous glances, —
"The feast is right royal and bright to behold,
And my heart within me dances.
But the bard — the bringer of joy — I miss,

Who was wont to arouse my bosom to bliss,
Or to godlike thoughts awaken:
His voice so sweet was my youth's delight;
And what I so prized as a simple knight,
Be ne'er from the monarch taken!"

Then forth in that circle of princes bright
Stepped the bard in his robe loose flowing, —
His beard and his locks all silver white
With snows of time's bestowing.
"Sweet music sleeps in the golden strings;
Of love's reward the minstrel sings;
The highest, the best, he praises, —
What the heart can wish, or the sense may cheer.
Then say, what is fittest the Cæsar to hear
On this day that his rapture raises."

"I may not command the minstrel," spoke
With smiles the imperial power.
"He bears a mightier sovereign's yoke,
He obeys the ruling hour.
As the tempest hurtles in the breeze, —
Man knows not its birth, nor its motion sees, —
As the stream from its fountain hidden;
So the minstrel's song from its inward source
Awakens the feelings with mystic force
That sleep in the heart unbidden."

The minstrel sudden sweeps the string,
And it answers, clear and hollow, —
"A noble hunter is on the wing
The chamois deer to follow;

A page goes behind with his weapons of chase;
And soon he has reached a verdant place
On the stately steed that bore him,
And is made of a distant bell aware;
A priest with the sacred host was there,
And the sacristan walked before him.

"The count, to the ground he bows him low,
Bare-headed in adoration,
To worship with meek devotion's glow
The Author of man's salvation.
But a torrent through the meadow roars,
By a cataract swollen above its shores,
The traveller's path bestriding;
And the priest lays down that blesséd food,
While he looses his sandal to cross the flood,
With care for his charge providing.

"'What is it thou doest?' the count began,
As with wondering eye he views him.
'I go, sir, to shrive a dying man,
Ere heaven from earth unloose him.
But the bridge that was wont the waters to stay,
The force of the torrent has swept away,
And deep in the whirlpool tossed it;
So, rather than keep from the thirsty soul
This saving grace, though the big wave roll,
I shall barefoot soon have crossed it.'

"The count hath him set on his knightly steed,
In his hands the rich bridle placing,

That the sick may not fail, at his utmost need,
Of that holy help's embracing.
Himself mounts the page's hackney the while,
And follows the chase with a cheerful smile;
The priest, on his way proceeding,
At morning's dawn brings back again
That princely steed, by the golden rein
With grateful reverence leading.

"'Now, God so please!' cried devoutly the count,
'Shall no man ever persuade me,
For the chase or the fight that steed to mount,
Which has carried the Lord that made me.
And, if thou hast earned it not for thine own,
Then let it remain for God's service alone, —
I thus to Him decreeing
From whom all honor and earthly good
I hold as lent; and body and blood,
And life and breath and being.'

"'O, so may God who heareth prayer,
And grants what is asked for duly,
To honor bring thee both here and there,
In that thou hast served him truly.
Thou ownest now a count's command, —
For knighthood famed through the Schweizerland, —
With six fair daughters blooming.
May they six crownéd matrons shine,'
Enrapt he sang, 'thy princely line
To latest age illuming.'"

And with thoughtful brow sat the Cæsar there,
Revolving days long ended;
But when he beheld that bright eye's glare,
The riddle he comprehended.
For the priest's true features he there has traced,
And he raises his purple mantle in haste,
To hide the tears fast rising;
While all on the Cæsar fix their eyes,
And the minstrel's hero recognize,
And revere their chief, God-prizing.

Friedrich Schiller. Tr. J. H. Merivale.

Altenahr.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

"SO the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine;
I never shall drink but this one.

"And fetch me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door:
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before.

"I have lived by the saddle for years two score,
And if I must die on tree,

The old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
  Is the properest timber for me.

"I have lived my life, I have fought my fight,
  I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight
  Led a merrier life than mine.

"So now to show bishop and burgher and priest
  How the Altenahr hawk can die,
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
  He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
  And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine
  As never man drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
  And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
  Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
  And never a bone in him whole;
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
  On such a bold rider's soul.

Charles Kingsley.

Augsburg.

MAX AND DÜRER.

PRINCE, soldier-lad, knight, and swindler in the city of Augsburg meet,
In the hall the councillors brawling, and the people in the street;
While want is abroad in the land, here crowds in the taverns riot;
This thing, what do you call it? It is the Imperial Diet.

Max stood at the window gazing — on the tumultuous scene,
When entered in homely doublet a man of modest mien;
"Why, Master Dürer, God bless you!" said Max with a joyous start,
"How comes my Apelles to Babel? To the Diet how cometh Art?"

"I've only one favor to beg, my lord," the modest master said,
"And may it be kindly granted," and he humbly bowed his head;
"I would once more paint your portrait, and make of it, in sooth,
The double of its original, in honesty and truth."

The emperor in sadness his hand to the artist extends:
"With me 't is the dusk of evening, and before dark night descends

You 'd be glad to show the landscape in the shadows
of twilight drest, —
Well, friend, if that 's your desire, I cheerfully grant
your request."

Placing the palette and canvas, the painter his pencil
took:
"Yet one thing I pray, my emperor, away with that
austere look!"
Max's eye, fixed on the canvas, with a sudden emotion
flashes,
"As dark as the face of your canvas, my thoughts
are of dust and ashes."

The painter plies his pencil. Mouth, cheeks, nose, looks
are there,
And the emperor for laughing falls backward in his
chair:
"Ha, ha, there, how defiantly the faithful canvas shows,
As like, as in a looking-glass, my formidable nose."

And color on color brightens, as blossoms in spring-
time blow,
And the life and breath of spring-time through the
circle of colors flow;
Out bloom the colors caressing the lips with a genial
smile,
Enthroning with sober earnestness the sombre brow the
while.

"Ah, there is the man entire, the mansion true and old,
And at one of its windows Sorrow, with its chill, sad
glance, behold;

Joy stands nodding and smiling at this other window
of mine,
For this house nothing remains now but to hang out
the crown as a sign!

* * *

"God bless thee, brother Albert! Pray with my
greeting call
Upon Hans Sachs at Nuremburg, the man of rhyme
and awl;
When again he writes a poem, a requiem let it be;
You 'll soon hear a king who is dear to you is dead,
say this from me."

So speaks the Prince, and sadly looks the honest man
in the eye,
And long with a mild expression regards him silently;
The crowned and gilded portrait then contemplates for
a while,
And smiles on it as one who would rather weep than
smile!

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. J. O. Sargent.

Baden-Baden.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE.

SILENT, in the veil of evening twilight,
Rests the plain; the woodland song is still,
Save that here, amid these mouldering ruins,
Chirps a cricket mournfully and shrill.

Silence sinks from skies without a shadow,
Slowly wind the herds from field and meadow,
And the weary hind to the repose
Of his father's lowly cottage goes.

Here, upon this hill, by forests bounded,
Mid the ruins of departed days,
By the awful shapes of Eld surrounded,
Sadness! unto thee my song I raise!
Sadly think I what in gray old ages
Were these wrecks of lordly heritages:
A majestic castle, like a crown,
Placed upon the mountain's brow of stone.

There, where round the column's gloomy ruins,
Sadly whispering, clings the ivy green,
And the evening twilight's mournful shimmer
Blinks the empty window-space between,
Blessed, perhaps, a father's tearful eye
Once the noblest son of Germany;
One whose heart, with high ambition rife,
Warmly swelled to meet the coming strife.

"Go in peace!" thus spake the hoary warrior,
As he girded on his sword of fame;
"Come not back again, or come as victor:
O, be worthy of thy father's name!"
And the noble youth's bright eyes were throwing
Deadly flashes forth; his cheeks were glowing,
As with full-blown branches the red rose
In the purple light of morning glows.

Then, a cloud of thunder, flew the champion,
Even as Richard Lion-Heart, to fight;
Like a wood of pines in storm and tempest,
Bowed before his path the hostile might.
Gently, as a brook through flowers descendeth,
Homeward to the castle-crag he wendeth, —
To his father's glad, yet tearful face, —
To the modest maiden's chaste embrace.

O, with anxious longing, looks the fair one
From her turret down the valley drear!
Shield and breast-plate glow in gold of evening,
Steeds fly forward, the beloved draws near!
Him the faithful right hand mute extending,
Stands she, pallid looks with blushes blending.
O, but what that soft, soft eye doth say,
Sings not Petrarch's, nor e'en Sappho's lay!

Merrily echoed there the sound of goblets,
Where the rank grass, waving in the gale,
O'er the nests of owls is blackly spreading,
Till the silver glance of stars grew pale.
Tales of hard-won battle fought afar,
Wild adventures in the Holy War,
Wakened in the breast of hardy knight
The remembrance of his fierce delight.

O, what changes! Awe and night o'ershadow
Now the scene of all that proud array;
Winds of evening, full of sadness, whisper,
Where the strong ones revelled and were gay;

Thistles lonely nod, in places seated
Where for shield and spear the boy entreated,
When aloud the war-horn's summons rang,
And to horse in speed the father sprang.

Ashes are the bones of these, — the mighty!
Deep they lie within earth's gloomy breast;
Hardly the half-sunken funeral tablets
Now point out the places where they rest!
Many to the winds were long since scattered, —
Like their tombs, their memories sunk and shattered!
O'er the brilliant deeds of ages gone
Sweep the cloud-folds of Oblivion!

Thus depart life's pageantry and glory!
Thus flit by the visions of vain might!
Thus sinks, in the rapid lapse of ages,
All that earth doth bear, to empty night!
Laurels, that the victor's brow encircle,
High deeds, that in brass and marble sparkle,
Urns devoted unto Memory,
And the songs of Immortality!

All, all, that with longing and with rapture
Here on earth a noble heart doth warm,
Vanishes like sunshine in the autumn,
When the horizon's verge is veiled in storm.
Friends at evening part with warm embraces, —
Morning looks upon the death-pale faces;
Even the joys that love and friendship find
Leave on earth no lasting trace behind.

* * *

Friedrich von Matthisson. Tr. Anon.

Badenweiler.

THE GRAVE AT BADENWEILER.

WHERE would impatient feet be turned to-day
If in the longed-for land beyond the sea?
To storied marbles, or to ruins gray,
Whose fame, since childhood, has been haunting me?
Nay, to a mound that waiteth for a stone
Would I be guided, there to weep alone
Over the relic that a spirit flown
Hath left at Badenweiler.

He can no longer take the birthday gift,
But were I near my offering he should wear:
I'd drop him flowers until the odor-drift
Should seem to melt through earth and reach him there.
Though faint the strongest comfort I could get,
Would that these yearning eyes his grave had met;
'T would be my emerald, in sorrow set,
That grave at Badenweiler.

This the first birthday he has felt no kiss!
To-day, still heart, how sadly do I keep!
Thy life from mine so sorely do I miss,
Into thy rest sometimes I long to creep.
O, make me sure as though thy lips had told
That we draw closer for death's bitter cold, —
That it hath drawn us nearer than of old,
That grave at Badenweiler.

Anonymous.

AT BADENWEILER.

THERE is a grave o'erlooked by summer skies,
Where lieth one whose noble dreams are o'er;
On whose pale stone the paler moonlight lies,
As if, from bleeding kindred hearts, it bore
The tender messages that would be heard no more.

Where the imperial river sweeps along
Through the green valley, with its vineyards spread,
The soft waves, singing nature's cradle-song,
Seem as if singing to the hills o'erhead
Their own pathetic requiem for the exiled dead.

When the low setting sun gives back to day
The rapturous flush of its triumphant flight,
Kissing the tops of mountains far away,
Then, as if dropping from the golden height
On this lone grave, falls the last lingering ray of light.

Or when the stars in solemn grandeur rise
With their pale splendor flashing through the deep,
Like friendly lamps relit in foreign skies,
Lo! as if smiling o'er his dreamless sleep,
All silently they come, their nightly watch to keep.

O blissful sleeper! though your grassy mound
By tears of kindred never may be wet,
Yet in the eyes of nature may be found
A sweet consoling for their love's regret,
And the eternal love that never doth forget.

Yea! life's great river with its waters clear
Through heavenly vineyards shall hereafter sweep,
And unto us what seems the saddest here
God shall interpret when we fall asleep,
No "wherefores" to perplex, and nevermore to weep.

Anonymous.

Berchtesgaden.

THE EDELWEISS GATHERER.

AY, autumn love I best, for then
I gather Edelweiss;
High up along the Watzmann's sides,
And up above the ice.

In Berchtesgaden, too, by all
The flower is held so dear;
And if I bring my Edelweiss
To some great cavalier,

Or to the ladies of the court,
Each one the flower will wear;
For Edelweiss becomes them well,
And they are all so fair.

The gentlemen will sometimes ask
Where grew my snow-white store;
But when I to the Watzmann point,
They don't ask any more.

And that 's just why I love the flower;
'T is not won in a trice;
It courage needs, and hence 't is called,
Not wrongly, Edelweiss.

And as, mid dangers climbing on,
I trust my God is near,
Gladly I pluck a posy, too,
For our sweet Ladye dear.

O, if the Watzmann do but send
No avalanche below,
Where stands my little garden, where
The hunter's flower doth grow!

O Ladye dear! should snows perchance
Roll down with wild alarm,
Remember me, and prithee guard
My Edelweiss from harm!

Franz von Kobell. Tr. Charles Boner.

Berlin.

THE JUVENIS ADORANS.

THIS antique statue, a youth praying, dug up from the Tiber in the pontificate of Clement XI., was presented by that Pope to Prince Eugene of Savoy. From him it passed into the possession of Prince Lichtenstein. Frederic II. of Prussia bought it for ten thousand thalers, and placed it in his palace at Potsdam. It is now one of the finest ornaments of the sculpture-gallery at Berlin.

TIBER'S yellow flood
Darkest tales can tell,

Where the mightiest stood,
How the haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks
Rustle with the past.
Ah, that Rome's bright ranks
Should fade to this at last!

Tiber's muddy bed!
Beneath thy burial lid —
If true what men have said —
Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told.
From those foul deeps they raise
A form of vigorous mould;
And behold! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,
Not kneeling as in dread,
Not clasped his eager hands,
Not bowed his noble head.

His gaze is on the sky,
As if his trust were there;
His arms stretched wide and high,
As if his thanks were prayer.

His youth breathes strong of hope,
And life's full, generous fires,

As towards that heavenly cope
He worships and aspires.

So at the Easter-tide
The churches rose and stood;
Throwing all stoop aside,
And every mournful mood.

O genius of new days!
Hail from thine ancient tomb;
Now let thy spirit's blaze
Chase the old world of gloom.

Bright one! thine influence pour
On man so prone and sad;
And teach him how to adore,
And to be free and glad.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

Biberich.

THE RHINE NEAR BIBERICH.

O, THERE be isles within the Rhine,
Which cradle on their mother's breast,
That breast that loves them all, and heaves
In music through their noonday rest;

And some there be, soft, green, and low,
That as the infant in its pillow
Nestles its drowsy head, so these
Hide half their brightness in the billow.

And others wear the scars of Time
Upon their bleak, ascending towers,
That fill the gazer's eyes with tears,
Reverting to those sunnier hours,

When at the corselet's vivid gleam
Blue eyes peeped forth from turret stair,
While jubilant the far-seen train
Waved Christ's red banner through the air.

And still those shattered, ivied piles
Are nourished with romantic tears,
And phantoms in their own moonshine
Mock the old gleam of feudal spears.

Ay! all are fair; but one I love
So deeply it doth seem mine own,
For I have gazed upon its trees
Till they into my heart have grown.

I see it now, so meekly proud,
Steadfast amid the gliding water,
And proud as should be isle that is
Bower for a Duke's preferréd daughter.

Therefore its columned sweep of trees
Have something of a courtly bearing,

And e'en its scented thickets wild
Their flowers coquettishly are wearing.

But sure no royal maiden's foot
Ere pressed the pride of India's loom
As this, so soft and colored fair,
With turfy slope and glossiest bloom.

It leaves the waves and glances wide
Its living carpet round the isle,
Enclosing in an emerald ring
The dove's low song, the daisy's smile.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Bingen.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood
ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might
say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my na-
tive land:

Take a message, and a token to some distant friends
of mine;
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet
and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard
ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day
was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun;
And mid the dead and dying were some grown old in
wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline, —
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her
old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home
a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles
fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my
father's sword!

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad
and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to
die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the
Rhine.

"There 's another, — not a sister; in the happy days
gone by
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorn-
ing, —
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be
risen

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), —
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — sweet Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —
But we meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp was childish weak, —
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet:
'T was a piteous sight to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And, while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he;
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returnéd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came;
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be:
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
Ten thousand rats are coming this way:
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I 'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;
"'T is the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise:
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep;
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more,
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,

As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the Bishop's bones:
They gnawed the flesh from every limb;
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

Robert Southey.

Black Forest, the (Schwarz-Wald).

ALLERHEILIGEN.

AN abbey in a forest old,
A forest old of pine,
Slowly arose where hills enfold
Not very far from Rhine:
And lower a stream that swept the walls
Fell into silver waterfalls;
Seven slender falls in a gorge of gray,
Where the willowherb was wet with spray;
The rock wore glossy grass like hair,
And a birch-tree shimmered in soft air;

Nor yet stole sweetly over the cool
Wave, as it glided into a pool,
A vesper hymn
From the forest dim,
Nor bells from Allerheiligen!

Flew twenty summers; the monks were there
In a cloistral solitude:
How few that heard the chanted prayer
Divined the worldly feud
'Mong lives monotonous and pale,
Whom weariness would oft assail!
Yet holy-hearted, gentle men
Paced the echoing cloister then,
Learnéd, and kindly to the poor;
Some sorely worn who sought to lure,
Rest to a weary wounded heart;
And where the mountain cleaves apart,
Such an one, ere the day's decline
Like an illumined vellum fine,
Mused oft upon the sombre green,
Beyond the fluttering watersheen,
Of piny hills, toward the sky
Receding with a softer dye,
And ever with an airier bloom,
Till they are fading to a fume:
Now at eve stole o'er the cool
Wave, as it glided into a pool,
A vesper hymn
From the forest dim,
And bells from Allerheiligen!

Seven hundred summers; the monks are gone:
Their abbey in the wood
Resigns in every mouldered stone
A human brotherhood!

* * *

Ivy and vine and roses vie
With old flamboyant tracery:
Lo! the carven corbel where
Hangs a tiny garden fair;
Birds have sown it as they pass
With fairy mosses and with grass;
A wild bee in a dim chapelle,
Hovering near a flowerbell,
With a drowsy murmur droning,
Imitates a priest intoning,
With his lowly eyes intent
Upon the Holy Sacrament!
Wild geranium and fir
Perfume the air, in place of myrrh,
Breathing from a thurifer:
Winds are jubilant, wail, complain,
Where many a blaze of jewel-pane
Heard the tempestuous anthem heave and wane!
Winds intone a wondrous hymn
In yonder aisles of forest dim;
But a frail harebell
Is the only bell,
Hangs now in Allerheiligen!

Roden Noel.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great compeers, indignantly
Doth Danube spring to life! The wandering stream
(Who loves the cross, yet to the crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Reaches, with one brief moment's rapid flight,
The vast encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first ship sailed for the golden fleece,—
Argo,—exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

William Wordsworth.

ON THE DANUBE NEAR ITS SOURCE.

AS one who gazes on a child whose look
Betokens promise, and whose bright career
Is seen without or augury or seer,
Even so I gaze upon this little brook,
Wimpling away from its sequestered nook;
And view the river as he rolls along,
Through lands embalmed in history and song;
Where peaceful now the reaper plies his hook.

I see the hero Sobieski come,
To quell the host that threatened Christendom:
The Roman and the Greek methinks I see;
The fiery Hun, the Dacian, vainly bold;
The barbarous Cossack and fierce Osmanli:
Yes, for it is the Danube I behold!

James Cochrane.

Blenheim (Blindheim).

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,

"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there 's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,

And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he;
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

BLENHEIM.

BUT now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretched out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when Heaven designed to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array,
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,

O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Though fens and floods possessed the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.
But, O my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Joseph Addison.

Bonn.

A TRUANT HOUR.

THE golden stars keep watch aloft;
Unmarked the moments glide along,
Save that around me scatters oft
Yon nightingale his pearls of song: —

The hum of men, the roar of wheels,
That filled the streets erewhile, are gone;
The inner consciousness but feels
The lovely river rolling on.

The course of thoughts and being, pent
As waters ere they plunge below,
Reflects a downward firmament
Of life and things, in gleamy show.

Thus rest, so hushed with airs of balm
That reach them from their promise land,
The righteous souls, in stillest calm
Laid up in their Redeemer's hand.

All that has been, and all that is,
Back from their thoughts in light is given,
Deep firmaments of inward bliss
Far glittering into distant heaven.

The while, side-heard as in a dream,
The ages strike their solemn chime;
And from the ancient hills the stream
Rolls onward of predestined Time.

Henry Alford.

Bremen.

IN PORT.

THE *Rathhaus*, in the Market-place, has the side facing the Dom of beautiful Gothic. . . . . In a particular compartment of the *cellars* beneath it, shown only by permission of the burgomaster, are casks called the *Rose*, and the *Twelve Apostles*, filled with fine hock, some of it a century and a half old. — MURRAY'S *Hand-Book, Northern Germany.*

HAPPY the man who is safe in his haven,
And has left far behind the sea and its sorrows,
And now so warm and calmly sits
In the cosey Town-Cellar of Bremen.

O, how the world so homelike and sweetly
In the wine-cup again is mirrored,
And how the wavering *microcosmos*
Sunnily flows through the thirstiest heart!
All things I see in the glass, —
Ancient and modern histories by myriads,
Grecian and Ottoman, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citron, and watches patrolling,
Berlin, and Schilda, and Tunis, and Hamburg,

But above all the form of the loved one,
An angel's head on a Rhine-wine-gold ground.

O, how fair! how fair art thou, beloved!
Thou art as fair as roses!
Not like the roses of Shiraz,
The brides of the nightingale, sung by old Hafiz!
Not like the rose of Sharon,
Holily blushing and hallowed by prophets;
Thou art like the Rose in the cellar of Bremen!

That is the Rose of Roses:
The older she grows, the sweeter she blossoms,
And her heavenly perfume has made me happy,
It has inspired me, — has made me tipsy;
And were I not held by the shoulder fast
By the Town-Cellar Master of Bremen,
I had gone rolling over!

The noble soul! we sat there together,
And drank, too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty, mysterious matters,
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces.
He made me a convert to Love's holy doctrine;
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven!

* * *

Heinrich Heine. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Breslau.

THE BRESLAU BELL-FOUNDER.

WAS once an old bell-founder
At Breslau in the town,
A cunning master-workman,
A man of great renown.
Already, white and yellow,
He'd cast full many a bell
For churches and for chapels,
God's holy praise to swell.

And all his bells they sounded
So full and clear and pure:
He poured his faith and love in,
Of that all men were sure.
But of all bells that ever
He cast, was one the crown,
That was the bell for sinners
At Breslau in the town.

In Magdalen Church tower
The masterpiece is hung,
And many a heart has melted
Beneath its iron tongue.
How well the faithful master
Upon his work had thought!
By day and night how truly
His cunning hand had wrought!

And when the hour has come now,
And all stands ready there,
The form walled up and steady,
The mixture bright and fair:
Then calls he to the fire-watch
His boy with earnest tone:
"I leave thee by the kettle
A moment here alone;

"To nerve me for the casting
With yet one drink I'll go;
That gives the gluey bell-stuff
A full and even flow.
"But mind me, boy, and touch not
The stopple, now give heed:
Else with thy life thou'lt rue it,
Rash child, the desperate deed!"

The boy stands by the kettle,
Peeps down into the glow:
It bubbles, boils and billows,
Runs wildly to and fro.
And in his ears it hisses,
And in his blood it leaps,
And now, in all his fingers,
Toward the stopple creeps.

He's feeling of the stopple:
Woe! he has turned it round!
What was't he did? He knows not;
In terror flees the ground.

He flies to meet his master,
Confesses to his face
The fault he has committed,
And will his knees embrace.

But scarce the boding master
The boy's first word has caught, —
Impetuous anger swallows
Each cool and sober thought.
It clenched his sharp knife for him,
And through the boy's heart ran;
Then rushed he to the kettle
Like a distracted man.

Perchance he yet may save it,
Still stop the rushing stream;
But lo! the casting 's over,
Gone is each globule's gleam!
He breaks the mould with trembling,
And sees, yet fain would not,
The bell stands whole before him,
Without a speck or spot.

The boy lies on the ground there,
He sees his work no more;
Ah, master, frantic master,
Thy thrust was all too sore!
He yields him up to judgment,
Himself accuses he:
It moves the judge to pity
The wretched man to see.

Yet is there none can save him,
And blood cries out for blood;
Yet hears he his death-sentence
With calm, unbending mood.
And when the day has broken,
The day his doom shall seal,
They offer for his solace
The Lord's last holy meal.

"I thank you," says the master,
"Dear gentlemen and true,
But 't is another favor
My heart desires of you.
"Once would I hear, O, let me!
The sound of my new bell!
'T is mine own hand hath made it:
Would know if ill or well."

The old man's prayer was granted,
It seemed so small a thing
To them, that his death hour
His favorite bell should ring.
The master hears it tolling
So full, so clear, so pure:
His eyes with tears run over,
For joy it must be, sure.

And lo! as if transfigured,
His fading eyeballs gleam:
That sound to him hath spoken
Far more than sound, I deem!

And he has bowed his neck down
  Calmly to meet the stroke,
And, sure, death's solemn promise,
  Life, following, hath not broke.

Ay, of all bells that ever
  He cast, is this the crown,
The bell of Church St. Magdalen
  At Breslau in the town.
It was, from that time forward,
  Baptized the Sinner's Bell:
Whether it still is called so,
  Is more than I can tell.

Wilhelm Müller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Büsen, the Island.

OLD BÜSEN.

OLD Büsen sank into the waves;
  The sea has made full many graves;
The flood came near and washed around,
Until the rock to dust was ground.
No stone remained, no belfry steep;
All sank into the waters deep.
There was no beast, there was no hound;
They all were carried to the ground.
And all that lived and laughed around

The sea now holds in gloom profound.
At times, when low the water falls,
The sailor sees the broken walls;
The church-tower peeps from out the sand,
Like to the finger of a hand.
Then hears one low the church-bells ringing,
Then hears one low the sexton singing;
A chant is carried by the gust:
"Give earth to earth and dust to dust."

Ditmarsch Popular Song. Tr. F. Max Müller.

Coblentz.

COBLENTZ.

BY Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's; but let not that forbid
Honor to Marceau, o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom, —
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career:
His mourners were two hosts, — his friends and foes, —
And fitly may the stranger lingering here

Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons: he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

Lord Byron.

Cologne.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

CATHEDRAL of Cologne!
Memorial of eld,
When German art excelled,
Long grown with age so gray,
Unfinished till this day.
Cathedral of Cologne!

Cathedral of Cologne!
He who thy plan conceived
Died ere it was achieved,
And none to build the rest
Have e'er their strength confessed,
Cathedral of Cologne!

Cathedral of Cologne!
The German sun declined
The hill of time behind;

Who thought, in such dark hours,
Of raising thy proud towers,
Cathedral of Cologne!

Cathedral of Cologne!
The master's sketch and plan
Lay hid from human scan;
But lately from the night
The plan was brought to light,
Cathedral of Cologne!

Cathedral of Cologne!
In vain was not revealed
The plan that lay concealed;
And loud to us it cries,
"Thy towers shall arise,
Cathedral of Cologne!"

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. A. Baskerville.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

O FOR the help of angels to complete
This temple, — angels governed by a plan
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by man,
Studious that he might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that aspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 't were an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try

The midnight virtues of your harmony: —
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!

William Wordsworth.

THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'TIS even, — on the pleasant banks of Rhine
The thrush is singing and the dove is cooing;
A youth and maiden on the turf recline
Alone, — and he is wooing.

Yet wooes in vain, for to the voice of love
No kindly sympathy the maid discovers,
Though round them both, and in the air above,
The tender spirit hovers.

Untouched by lovely Nature and her laws,
The more he pleads, more coyly she represses;
Her lip denies, and now her hand withdraws,
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,
Bright eyes and dainty lips and tresses curly,
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,
But cold as nymph of Lurley.

The more Love tries her pity to engross,
The more she chills him with her strange behavior;

Now tells her beads, now gazes on the cross
And image of the Saviour.

Forth goes the lover with a farewell moan,
As from the presence of a thing inhuman; —
O, what unholy spell hath turned to stone
The young warm heart of woman!

'T is midnight, — and the moonbeam, cold and wan,
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,
And o'er the corse of a self-murdered man
The maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,
No pressure answers to her hands so pressing;
In her fond arms impassively he lies,
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunned, by her eternal loss,
She flies to succor that may best beseem her,
But, lo! a frowning figure veils the cross,
And hides the blest Redeemer!

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,
Wherein she reads, in melancholy letters,
The cruel, fatal pact that placed her soul
And her young heart in fetters.

"Wretch! sinner! renegade! to truth and God,
Thy holy faith for human love to barter!"
No more she hears, but on the bloody sod
Sinks, Bigotry's last martyr!

And side by side the hapless lovers lie;
Tell me, harsh priest! by yonder tragic token,
What part hath God in such a bond, whereby
Or hearts or vows are broken?

Thomas Hood.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

AH, my strong saint, who wouldst not deign to serve
Aught but the strongest! I behold thee there,
With thy broad shoulders and thy giant form,
Thou hadst no wit nor knowledge; couldst not learn
What the priests bade thee, — couldst not bend thy knee
To their long prayers or tedious penances.
Thou gavest what thou hadst, thy manly strength,
To the sweet service of humanity.
So thou didst bear the Christ upon thy back,
And minister unto the Lord of Glory.

Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

THOMAS AQUINAS, the Angelic Doctor, confessedly the most eminent of the schoolmen, died in 1274, at the Convent of Fossanova, near Terracina, where he had been compelled to stop by illness, while on his way to the second Council of Lyons, to which he was repairing by order of the Pope. . . . . He had been educated at Cologne, under the tuition of Albert, called, by his contemporaries, the Great, on account of his scholastic attain-

ments; and it is said that at the moment of Aquinas's death, Albert, then eighty-four, was with his pupils at Cologne, when he suddenly burst into tears, and exclaimed that Aquinas was dead.

THE studies were over, the volumes were closed, —
Albertus the Great from his labors reposed;
His table was laid by the banks of the Rhine,
Gay laughed his young pupils, gay past round the wine.
But why, on a sudden, has vanished his cheer?
Why down the wise cheek gushes forth the sad tear?
Why droops down in sorrow the hoary-locked head?
"Ah! well may I weep, — for Aquinas is dead!"

"My pupils, dear pupils, don't question to know
How come to my heart these dark tidings of woe.
Many tall mountains rise, many dark rivers roll,
'Tween Cologne and the spot where he renders his soul!
But in far Fossanova I hear him declare
That he feels his last haven of resting is there.
I see him laid low on his pain-stricken bed,
And e'en as I speak, my Aquinas is dead!

"All Europe resounds with the pride of thy fame:
All churchmen, all schoolmen, bend low at thy name;
Wherever the wise or the learned may be,
They humbly acknowledge their master in thee.
And can I forget that with me was begun
Thy bright course of glory, thou more than a son!
That the tongue which with learning thy fresh spirit fed
Now survives to declare that Aquinas is dead!

"Thirty summers, my Thomas, have withered and past,
Since I first saw thy figure, — tall, bony, and vast;

When was yielded the hand that was meant for the
sword,
To labor in peace for the work of the Lord.
When thy mother in tears to Saint Dominic gave
The young Count of Aquino, the heir of the brave.
Thy youth through the mazes of wisdom I led, —
Why live I to say that Aquinas is dead?

"I am proud to remember how, hour after hour,
Beneath me thy mind budded forth like a flower;
Till matured every talent, sublimed every thought,
And thy teacher veiled cap to the boy he once taught,
But the eye that was bright it was mine to see dim,
Gray the once glossy lock, shrunk the giant-like limb
Thou hast sunk in the light that thy genius has shed,
And thy old master wails that Aquinas is dead."

William Maginn.

Dannenberg.

COVENANT-SONG BEFORE BATTLE,

ON THE MORNING OF THE FIGHT NEAR DANNENBERG.

AWFUL omens, dark and ruddy,
Usher in this morn of wrath,
And the sun looks cold and bloody
Out upon our bloody path.
Startling news a world will waken
Ere a few more hours are past,
And e'en now the lots are shaken,
And the iron die is cast.

Brothers, the night-shades are flying! — take warning.
Now, by the fresh, holy light of the morning,
Swear, hand in hand, to be true to the last.

In the gloom of nights behind us
Insult, ignominy frown, —
Foreign slaves, with chains to bind us,
And our German oak bowed down.
Shamed has been the speech our mothers
Taught us, and our God blasphemed;
We have pawned our honor; — brothers,
German brothers, be it redeemed!
Brothers, the hour is come! Side by side stand now!
Turn Heaven's wrath from your loved native land now!
Let the Palladium — the lost — be redeemed!

In the smile of hope before us
Lies a golden future time;
Open, sunny skies bend o'er us;
There, in Freedom's blissful clime,
German art and music greet us,
Woman's grace and love's delight,
All old forms of greatness meet us,
Beauty's charms again invite.
But bloody-red must that morning be breaking:
Brothers, our life's last warm drop we are staking:
Our hope blooms only in martyrdom's night!

Yet, God help, we will not falter;
As one man we 'll meet the foe,
Lay our heart on Freedom's altar,
And to death, unshrinking, go.

Fatherland, for thee we dare it;
At thy word we do and die,
That our loved ones may inherit
This day's blood-bought liberty.
Free German oaks, let your branches be sweeping
Long o'er the graves where our ashes are sleeping! —
Fatherland, hear our oath! bear it on high!

One last look, ere yet we sever
Ties that long have bound us fast;
Be the poisonous south forever,
With its charms, behind us cast.
Yet stay not the tear that 's springing,
Comrades, in each manly eye:
To the winds a last kiss flinging,
Give them up to God on high.
To all the warm lips that for us shall be pleading,
To all the fond hearts that shall lie crushed and bleeding,
God of all might and all mercy, be nigh!

Forth! To battle now, unshrinking!
Upward, heavenward, hearts and eyes!
Every earthly sun is sinking,
And the unfading splendors rise.
German brothers, quail not, — never!
Let each nerve a hero tell!
Faithful hearts part not forever;
For a little space, farewell!
Hark! They advance! How the deep thunder crashes!
Brothers, charge home through the hailstones and flashes!
We meet again in heaven! Farewell!

Karl Theodor Körner. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Döffingen.

COUNT EBERHARD, THE WEEPER OF WÜRTEMBERG.

YE! — ye, there, in the world without,
Lift not your heads so grand!
Men hath it borne, and heroes stout,
Alike for peace or battle-rout, —
Our gallant Swabian land!

Boast of your Edward, Frederic, Charles,
And Ludwig as ye might,
Charles, Frederic, Ludwig, Edward too,
Was Eberhard, our count so true, —
A tempest in the fight.

The county's boy, young Ulric, too,
Loved well the iron clang;
The county's boy, young Ulric, too,
No footfall backward ever drew,
Where men to saddle sprang.

The Reutlingers brewed vengeance-pain
To see our names so bright;
And strove the victor's wreath to gain,
And many a sword-dance dared maintain,
And drew their girdles tight.

He gave them war, — beshrew the fight
Whence beaten home he came!

The father's brow was black as night, —
The youthful warrior fled the light,
And wept for very shame.

That galled him: "Ah, ye knaves, beware!"
(And kept it in his soul) —
"Now by my father's beard I swear
To grind the notch my sword doth bear
On many a townsman's poll!"

Nor long the time ere rose a feud:
Forth sallied horse and man;
Toward Döffingen the army stood,
And brighter grew the younker's mood,
And hot the fight began.

The watchword to our men that day
Was given — "the ill-starred fight" —
That drove us like the storm away,
And lodged us deep in bloody fray,
And in the lances' night.

Our youthful count, with lion's wrath,
Swung high his hero-glaive;
Wild battle-roar before his path,
Wailing and groans his feet beneath,
And all around — the grave.

But woe! ah, woe! a ghastly sword
Fell heavy on his head;
The hero-band surround their lord

In vain; young Ulric on the sward
With glassy eyes lay dead.

Then horror stayed the battle's plan,
Tears from all eyes 'gan flow;
But ho! — the count to charge began, —
"My son is as another man;
March, children, on the foe!"

And fiercer rageth now the fight,
For vengeance spurs them well;
Forth o'er the corpses went their might,
And townsmen flying left and right
O'er forest, hill, and dell.

And blithely all our clarions rang
When to our camp hied we;
And wives and children gayly sang,
Mid dances' whirl and beaker-clang,
To praise our victory.

But Eberhard, what doth he here?
Before him lies his son;
Within his tent, no mortal near,
The count hath dropt one sparkling tear
That silent form upon.

Therefore, with love so true and warm,
Around the count we stand;
Alone, he is a hero-swarm, —
The thunder rageth in his arm, —
The star of Swabian land.

Then, ye there in the world without,
Lift not your heads so grand!
Men hath it borne, and heroes stout,
Alike in peace and battle-rout,
Our gallant Swabian land.

Freidrich von Schiller. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

Drachenfels.

DRACHENFELS.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,

Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

Lord Byron.

ON THE DRACHENFELS.

HIGH stood I on the Drachenfels,
I bit my lip, my eye flashed proudly,
From cliff and crag with joyous yells

My pointer roused glad echoes loudly;
He flew before, he leapt, he ran,
As though some game he were pursuing,
But I looked forth, a joyful man,
The scene beneath me lost in viewing.

In luscious glory of its vine
Of purple and of yellow cluster,
I saw the Valley of the Rhine
Arch, like a goblet green of lustre;
A chalice rare! — Tradition dreams
Upon its brink on ruins hoary;
The wine that in the goblet beams, —
Love and romance, renowned in story!

Lo! how it sparkles! joust and fight!
Cheeks glow and flush, and hearts beat madly,
Helmet and casque are flashing bright,
And fresh fair wounds are trickling gladly;
While on yon turret pensive stands
To whom are lowered lance and crest; —
Wherefore am I thus strangely moved?
What sweet foreboding thrills my breast?

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. Anon.

THE NIGHT-WATCH ON THE DRACHENFELS.

'TWAS midnight as we scaled the mountain height,
The woodpile 'neath the walls the flames devoured,
And as my joyous comrades round it cowered,

They sang of Germany's renown in fight.
Her health we drank from Rhine-wine beakers bright,
The castle-spirit on the summit towered,
Dark forms of armèd knights around us lowered,
And women's misty shapes appeared in sight.
And from the ruins there arose low moans,
Owls hooted, rattling sounds were heard, and groans;
A furious north-wind blustered fitfully.
Such was the night, my friend, that I did pass
On the high Drachenfels, — but I, alas,
A wretched cold and cough took home with me!

Heinrich Heine. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

Ehrenbreitstein.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

HERE Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory, from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain, —
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

Lord Byron.

Eisenach.

SAINT ELIZABETH.

FROM the private gateway stealing,
Timidly, with cautious care,
In her hood her face concealing,
Glancing round her everywhere,
Where the narrow pathway leadeth
To the wood beyond the heath,
On her pious errand speedeth
Hungary's Elizabeth.

In her mantle she hath hidden
Bread to carry to the poor;
Yet her mission is forbidden,
And she cannot feel secure, —
Trembling lest the hunt be over,
And returning with his band,
Full of wrath, her lord discover
She hath broken his command.

Only yesterday he swore it, —
Should she dare to disobey,
She should bitterly deplore it
Ere the closing of the day.
Yet one thought her bosom saddens,
Till it makes her heart to bleed,
And the flower that sunshine gladdens
Pities the neglected weed.

Pity for the starving pleadeth
Ever in her gentle heart,
From the table luxury spreadeth
She would give to them a part;
Vain and wicked seems the splendor
That she daily round her sees,
If to them she may not tender
Even life's necessities.

Not a single eye hath seen her
Since she left the postern gate,
None but his whose hand can screen her
From the barbéd shaft of fate.
On she goes, — a thoughtful beauty
Sleeps within her serious face,
And the inward sense of duty
Lends her an angelic grace.

Suddenly she stops and listens,
For a rustling step is near,
And the glancing sunlight glistens
On a hunter's brandished spear.
As in trembling fear she pauses,
Like a ship before it strands,
Suddenly her path he crosses,
And her lord before her stands.

Fiercely then his dark eyes lowered,
And her very heart grew weak,
As before his glance she cowered,
Daring not a word to speak;

As the hawk upon the heron,
Ere he stoopeth down the air,
On the lady gazed the Baron,
And he said, "What have you there?"

Then she stood, all unresistant,
Knowing hope from earth was vain,
And the heavens to her seemed distant
In that hour of bitter pain.
For a moment, bowed with sadness,
Prayed she to herself alone,
Then a smile of holy gladness
Over all her features shone.

Passed the pain of her endurance,
But it left a pensive grace,
And a look of sweet assurance
Through it gleamed upon her face,
As the twilight's serious splendor
Looks through fading summer showers,
And she said, in accents tender,
"Pardon, — they are only flowers."

"Silly lie!" he muttered, sneering,
As with sudden grasp he tore
From her hands the mantle, bearing
All its charitable store, —
When, in fragrant showers escaping,
Roses strewed the greensward there,
And the curse his lip was shaping
Changed into a silent prayer.

Down before her then he bended,
And the miracle confessed,
And the hand that she extended
Humbly to his lips he pressed,
Saying, "'T is the will of Heaven,
And I can oppose no more, —
Half my wealth henceforth be given
To relieve the sick and poor."

William Wetmore Storg.

LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG.

SAFE in this Wartburg tower I stand
Where God hath led me by the hand,
And look down, with a heart at ease,
Over the pleasant neighborhoods,
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,
With castles crowning the dizzy heights,
And farms and pastoral delights,
And the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed me fast,
And the howling demons of despair
That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

* * *

Yesterday in an idle mood,
Hunting with others in the wood,

I did not pass the hours in vain,
For in the very heart of all
The joyous tumult raised around,
Shouting of men, and baying of hound,
And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,
And echoes answering back again,
From crags of the distant mountain chain,
In the very heart of this I found
A mystery of grief and pain.
It was an image of the power
Of Satan, hunting the world about,
With his nets and traps and well-trained dogs,
His bishops and priests and theologues,
And all the rest of the rabble rout,
Seeking whom he may devour!
Enough have I had of hunting hares,
Enough of these hours of idle mirth,
Enough of nets and traps and gins!
The only hunting of any worth
Is where I can pierce with javelins
The cunning foxes and wolves and bears,
The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,
The Roman Pope and the Roman priests
That sorely infest and afflict the earth!

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air!
The fowler hath caught you in his snare,
And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,
Singing the song that never tires,
To lure down others from their nests;
How ye flutter and beat your breasts,

Warm and soft with young desires,
Against the cruel pitiless wires,
Reclaiming your lost heritage!
Behold! a hand unbars the door,
Ye shall be captives held no more.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Eutin.

EUTIN.

O, HOW refreshing the air from the lake! how cool! And the landscape,
How it does smile! Gay meadows and cornfields undulate round us;
Up there dark green, nearer us light, and besprinkled with wild-flowers.
What a commotion! The tall rye waves like a volume of green smoke.
Yonder the village is seen, surrounded with orchards in blossom:
Nearer, the bright blue stream, and the spire with its glittering dial.
There towers up the baronial castle, embosomed in chestnuts;
Down in the meadow are cows, and the stork quite fearless among them.
Round by the wood-clad hillock the lake lies shimmering brightly;

Hay-stacks yonder in rows, there mowers; and here we
ourselves are,
Listening the hum of the bees in the midst of the blos-
soming buckwheat.
Come, let us all look round and enjoy this beautiful
landscape.

* * *

Ended the father, and rose; when the others imme-
diately followed;
And all wandered about, by their long summer shad-
ows attended,
Over the gravelly bourne, to the stream from the lake
forth flowing,
Far as the fragrant height where the pendulous birches
to heaven
Whispered, and fir-trees rose with their year's growth's
golden tiara.
Stealthily bunches of low green junipers crept o'er the
hillocks,
Fabulous graves of the giants; and shone with its
prickles the holly.
Waving aloft in the clouds, trees fit for some admiral
rustled;
All to the eastward bent, from the storm in the forty-
and-seven.
Over the landscape, far towards Eutin they gazed upon
orchards,
Herd-pied meadows and woods, and on villages topped
with their steeples;
Where, in the distance, the prebend the prebendal lands
could distinguish!

Long they conversed there, singing the tender effusions
of Stolberg,
Buerger, and Hagedorn too, and of Claudius, Gleim,
and Jacobi:
Sang, "O beautiful, wondrous is God's creation," with
Hölty,
Who could smile upon death; and lamented thy early
removal,
Sweetest of bards!

* * *

All now feasted, reclining at ease, sitting close by
each other,
Under the wide-spreading beech, with the soft thick
moss underneath them.
Lower the sun now sunk, on the pendulous foliage
pouring
Glittering rays; oft forcing the sitters to shift their
position.
Scarcely a reed even stirred, and the lake was as smooth
as a mirror:
Ceaseless the grasshoppers chirped, and the gay birds
warbled in concert:
Bitterns far in the distance, and lapwings; nearer the
cuckoo,
Blackbirds, thrushes, and finches, and bright yellow ham-
mers: and yonder,
Down in the cornfields, landrails craiked; embowered
in elm-trees
Wood-pigeons cooed, whose note with the blue-winged
jay's intermingled.

Johann Heinrich Voss. Tr. J. Cochrane.

Eylau.

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU,

FOUGHT in Prussian Poland, between the allied Prussian and Russian armies, against the French, under Napoleon, February, 1807. "Never was a spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay, in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries, which spread grape at half-musket-shot through the ranks." — ALISON'S *Europe.*

FAST and furious falls the snow;
Shrilly the bleak tempests blow,
With a sound of wailing woe,
O'er the soil;
Where the watch-fires blaze around,
Thick the warriors strew the ground,
Each in weary slumber bound,
Worn with toil.

Hearken to the cannon-blast!
Drums are beating fierce and fast:
Fierce and fast the trumpets cast
Warning call.
Form the battle's stern parade,
Charge the musket, draw the blade;
Square and column stand arrayed,
One and all.

On they rush in stern career,
Dragoon and swart cuirassier;

Hussar-lance and Cossack-spear
Clanging meet!
Now the grenadier of France
Sinks beneath the Imperial lance;
Now the Prussian horse advance,
Now retreat.

Davoust, with his line of steel,
Storms their squadrons till they reel,
While his ceaseless cannon-peal
Rends the sky.
'Gainst that crush of iron hail
Naught may Russia's ranks avail;
Like the torn leaves in the gale,
See, they fly!

Through the battle's smoky gloom
Shineth Murat's snowy plume:
Fast his cohorts to their doom
Spur the way.
Platoff, with his desert horde,
Is upon them with the sword;
Deep his Tartar-spears have gored
Their array.

With his thousands, Augereau
Paints with blood the virgin snow:
Low in war's red overthrow
Sleep they on!
Helm and breastplate they have lost,
Spoils that long shall be the boast

Of the savage-bearded host
Of the Don.

Charge, Napoleon! Where be those
At Marengo quelled thy foes;
Crowning thee at Jena's close
Conqueror?
At this hour of deadly need
Faintly thy old guardsmen bleed;
Vain dies cuirassier and steed,
Drenched with gore.

* * *

Sad the frosty moonbeam shone
O'er the snows with corses strown,
Where the frightful shriek and groan
Rose amain:
Loud the night-wind rang their knell;
Fast the flaky horrors fell,
Hiding in their snowy cell
Heaps of slain!

Many a year hath passed and fled
O'er that harvest of the dead:
On thy rock the Chief hath sped,
St. Helene!
Still the Polish peasant shows
The round hillocks of the foes,
Where the long grass rankly grows,
Darkly green.

Isaac Maclellan.

Frankfort.

ON ENTERING FRANKFORT AFTER A LONG TOUR THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

WHAT sense of loneliness comes o'er the soul,
What sinking of the spirits, when one leaves
The kindly-courteous country, and perceives
The first sure indications of his goal,
The densely peopled city; when the roll
Of drums is heard in dry and dusty streets,
What time the huge cathedral bell repeats
The evening hour, with solemn-sounding toll!
Where 'mong the crowds that pour in at the gate,
There 's none we care for, none for us who care!
How different from the scenes we left of late,
Where every peasant had a friendly air,
And where the trees, to touch us, wont to extend
Their branches out, like some familiar friend!

James Cochrane.

GOETHE'S MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, 1821.

GOOD German men, maids, matrons, pray give ear!
Collect subscribers with the utmost speed,
The worthy folk of Frankfort have agreed
To build a monument to Goethe here.
"At fair time," think they, "this will make it clear
To foreign traders that we 're of his breed,
That 't was our soil that nurtured such fair seed,

And then in trade they 'll trust us without fear."
O, touch the bard's bright wreath of laurel never,
And keep your money in your pockets too;
'T is Goethe's, his own monument to raise.
He dwelt amongst you in his infant days,
But half a world now severs him from you,
Whom a stream doth from Sachsenhausen sever!

Heinrich Heine. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

Göttingen.

SONG.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I 'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—nIversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many,—they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
—tor, law professor at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

George Canning.

MARIA-SPRING.

ON a wooded comely mount
Stands the Plesse old and gray;
Proudly rise the lonely towers
In the landscape far away.

'T was a hot and haughty line, —
Three hundred years 't is dead, —
Robber barons stern and bold,
From the earth their name is fled.

Save that these two ruined towers,
Grim memorials of the past,
Stand yet in gloomy pride
On the mountain strong and fast.

How these barons robbed the merchants
Of peaceful Göttingen near by! —
How the bauerfolk were pressed,
When bend they must or die!

Till at last the outraged merchants
And the patient bauerfolk
Stormed old Plesse in his castle
And broke their galling yoke:

Hanged the baron from his tower,
Put the firebrand to the rest,
Tumbled down his walls and prisons,
Rooted out the robber-nest.

But the Lady Maria Plesse
Was the true wife of her lord;
Rather death a thousand times
Than capture by this horde.

Quick, quick, to horse and fly!
Press thy infant to thy breast,

Off to Hardenburg with speed,
Give thy faithful beast no rest.

But see, alas! on every hand
The road with arméd men beset;
Now, lady, now thy courage prove,
As never woman's has been yet!

She looks in wrath, but not despair,
Upon the conquering host,
Her wild heart leaps into her eyes, —
She sees Lord Plesse lost.

She glances round her sharp and firm,
And reins her neighing steed
Towards the lofty precipice:
Then comes a daring deed.

With whip and spur and cheering word
Her shrinking courser nears
The frowning depth, and piteous neighs,
Expressive of his fears.

But noble blood is in his veins,
He springs into the air, —
Aghast the struggling warriors pause,
And pray a silent prayer.

Full thirty feet they thunder down,
Mother, child, and horse;
And crowded faces peer below
To gaze upon the corse.

Hurrah! hurrah! from many a throat,
The deed is nobly done;
Maria has her infant saved,
And Plesse's heir is won.

Anonymous.

Gravelotte.

THE STEEDS OF GRAVELOTTE.

HOT was the day and bloody the fight,
Cool was the evening and quiet the night.
From the edge of the wood in the valley below
Three times the shrill signal-trumpet did blow;
Sounding so loudly at break of the day,
To call the brave dragoons once more to the fray.

Hastily forming in long battle-row,
Each man finds his place, and they all charge the foe.
But, alas! all the troopers return not again,—
Many shall rise nevermore from the plain.
They come to reveille with strong life flushing red;
They lie at recall pale, bleeding, and dead.

Riderless horses with broken rein,
Uncontrolled, wander afar o'er the plain.
But, hark! from the wood in the valley below
Once more the shrill signal-trumpet doth blow.
But, see the black steed, how he pricks up his ear,
And, neighing, rejoices the trumpet to hear.

Behold the brave bay with the wound on his flank,
Forgetting his pain, seeks his place in the rank.
And then, flecked with blood, see that gallant old gray;
Though he halts on three legs, how he pants for the fray!
Hastily forming in long battle-row,
Each steed finds his place, and they all charge the foe.

The steed, like his rider, obeys the command;
When the shrill signal sounds, in his place he doth stand.
Over three hundred were counted that day,
Riderless horses who joined in the fray;
Over three hundred saddles, O horrible sight!
Were emptied at once in that terrible fight!

Over three hundred, O glorious brave!
Out of every four, one has there found his grave.
Over three hundred, O glorious steed!
Loyal and faithful in time of sore need.
Honor the brave, who to Gravelotte went,
And honor the steeds of the Guard Regiment.

Karl Gerok. Tr. Anon.

Gressenig.

GRESSENIG.

THE occurrence here related took place near the village of Gressenig, about a league from Stolberg, during the retreat of the French army, under Dumouriez.

BACK to the river so lately passed o'er,
Fast as that river flows,
France takes flight to the Rhine once more
From the might of her Austrian foes.

There was a young and lovely bride
Mid the ranks of those that fled;
She followed the steps and she fought by the side
Of him she had lately wed.

She had left her home in that fertile soil
Where the vine and the olive grow,
For fields of blood, and to share in the toil
That her lover must undergo.

Alas! that love which had nerved her heart
To war and its daring deeds,
Could not to her tender frame impart
The strength a soldier needs.

Now lingered that youth with his bride in the rear,
For her limbs began to fail,

And the hue of her cheek, though unchanged by fear,
With weariness grew pale.

He looked on her features in fond despair,
As he held her to his breast;
And her drooping head, as they tarried there,
Sunk in his arms to rest.

From that hurried sleep when she woke again,
Far from her anxious sight
The distant bands of her countrymen
Had vanished in their flight.

Then together they left the beaten track,
And sought the forest shade:
She wished from that host not a soldier back,
While her own stood by to aid.

Hid from the search of pursuers there,
For days and nights they sped;
The fruits of the forest their only fare,
The leaves their only bed.

Fondly they thought that those paths might guide
Once more to their native land;
Vain hope! what sees that startled bride?
Why grasps she her lover's hand?

'T is the levelled gun of a foeman near,
Half hid by the copsewood screen; —
She clung, as a shield, to that breast so dear,
And the fatal flash was seen!

They fell, — their heart's blood stained the spot
Where yon lonely cypress grows;
Their bodies, pierced by that single shot,
In a single grave repose.

R. E. Egerton-Warburton.

Halle.

HALLE.

IN the market-place of Halle
There stand two mighty lions:
O thou lion-pride of Halle,
How greatly art thou tamed!

In the market-place of Halle
There stands a mighty giant;
He hath a sword, yet never stirs, —
He 's petrified with terror.

In the market-place of Halle
A mighty church is standing,
Where the Burschenschaft and the Landsmannschaft
Have plenty of room for praying.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Hamburg.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG.

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's make, the growth of centuries;
You could not deem its crowding spires a work of human art,
They seemed to struggle lightward from a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal or in oak,
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that gray pile she spoke;
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so perfect, yet so rough,
A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in granite tough;
The thick spires yearned towards the sky in quaint harmonious lines,
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with better right
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and of light;
And in that forest petrified, as forester, there dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared onward red as blood,
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the eddying flood;
For miles away the fiery spray poured down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows sucked, and paused, and burst again.

From square to square with tiger leaps panted the lustful fire,
The air to leeward shuddered with the gasps of its desire;
And church and palace, which even now stood whelmed but to the knee,
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid the whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched with quiet look;
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last forsook;
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful hearts, as once he did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his good saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the churchyard wall;
And, ere a pater half was said, mid smoke and crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its head above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood up sublime;
His first thought was for God above, his next was for his chime;
"Sing now and make your voices heard in hymns of praise," cried he,
"As did the Israelites of old, safe walking through the sea!

"Through this red sea our God hath made the pathway safe to shore;
Our promised land stands full in sight; shout now as ne'er before!"
And as the tower came crushing down, the bells, in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German hymn, — "All good souls, praise the Lord!"

James Russell Lowell.

Hameln.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation, — shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain, —
I 'm sure my poor head aches again
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what 's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in, —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It 's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me, so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying

As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,

I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor, —
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d' ye think I 'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;

And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It 's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas! alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,

Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of Júly,
Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat, —
They called it the Pied Piper's Street, —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen

Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men, especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Robert Browning.

Hanau.

PRINCE WREDE'S DEATH.

BY Hanau, where the Kinzig dark and deep,
To meet the Main, rolls on its treacherous way,
Right on the road to Frankfurt, it is spanned
By an old bridge, built strong of basalt gray.
Midway, encased within the basalt wall,
A narrow marble tablet marks a name.
'T is but the one word: Wrede, but it speaks
To German hearts of glory and of fame.

Napoleon, after Leipzig's stern defeat,
To gain his France once more, here on his way
Met proud Bavaria's proudest prince. At last
The dauntless lion found himself at bay.

But, though ten thousand French were forced to find
In Kinzig's treacherous flood a horrid grave,
Prince Wrede too fell, wounded unto death.
Yon tablet marks the spot. God rest the brave!

And now the legend goes, that on this spot
Where Wrede fell, his ghost is often seen.
For, when the moon with her full flood of light
Upon that tablet throws her silver sheen,
'T is said, the prince, casting upon the flood
A pitying look, tries, so the story goes,
To stem the rushing waters, and to save
The drowned thousands of his ghostly foes.

Arthur Rapp.

Harz Mountains.

RIDE TO THE HARZ IN WINTER.

FREE as the hawk,
Which, on yon dark morning cloud-pile
With soft-spread pinion resting,
Looks out for prey,
Float my loose song!

Sure a God hath
Unto each his path
Fore-appointed,
Which the fortunate

Swift to happiest
Goal pursues:
But whom misfortune
Hath frozen to the heart,
He frets him vainly
Against the restraint of
The wire-woven cord, which
Soon shall the bitter scissors
Snap once for all.

To gloomy thicket
Rushes the reindeer wild,
And with the sparrows have
Long ago the rich folks
Into their swamps for shelter sunk.
Easy to follow the chariot,
When 't is Fortune drives,
Just as the lumbering cart
Over the hard, smooth road rolls
After a monarch's march.

But aside who fareth?
In the woods he loses his path;
Swiftly behind him
The boughs fly together,
The grass stands up again,
The desert o'erwhelms him.

Ah! but who healeth the pangs of
Him, whose balm becomes poison?
Who but hate for man

From the fulness of love hath drunk?
First despised, and now a despiser,
Wastes he secretly
All his own best worth,
Brooding over himself.

Is there on thy psalter,
Father of love, one tone
Which his ear would welcome?
O, then, quicken his heart!
Open his beclouded look
Over the thousand fountains
All round him thirsting there
In the desert.

Thou, who on each bestowest
Joys, a superabundant share,
Bless the brothers of the chase,
Out on track of wild beasts
With danger-loving zeal of youth,
Eager to take life,
Late avengers of mischief,
Which for years hath defied the
Farmer's threatening cudgel.

But the lone wanderer wrap
In thy golden cloud-fleeces;
And wreathe with evergreen,
Till the summer roses be blowing,
The dripping ringlets,
O Love, of this thy poet!

With thy flickering torch thou
Lightest him on
Through the fords, in the night,
Over treacherous footing
On desolate commons.
With the thousand tints of the morn, thou
Smil'st to his heart so!
With the bitter cold blast
Bear'st him gloriously up.
Winter torrents down from the rocks roll
Into his anthems.
An altar of cheerfulest thanks
Seems to him the terrible summit's
Snow-hung, hoary crown,
Wreathed with rows of pale sprites
By the marvellous people.

Thou stand'st, with unexploréd bosom
Mysteriously prominent,
Over the astonished world,
And look'st from the clouds there
Down on its riches and majesty,
Which thou from the veins of these thy brothers
Round thee here waterest.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. J. S. Dwight.

HARZ MOUNTAINS.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in alternate Chorus.*

THE limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering gleam,

Lead us onward, far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.
But see, how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row, —
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho, ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That paradise on earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above;
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.
To-whoo! to-whoo! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng!
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 't were day?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake!
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hillside,

With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright;
And animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
To blister with their poison spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-colored mice that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread,
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss;
And in legions intertangled,
The fireflies flit, and swarm, and throng,
Till all the mountain-depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
Shall we onward? Come along!
Everything around is swept
Forward, onward, far away!
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUST.

Ay —
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,

Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
Of mountains, lighting hitherward; there rise
Pillars of smoke; here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colors spreading,
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth,
And now it winds one torrent of broad light
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendor.
And near us see sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in are kindled.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival, — it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUST.

How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,

Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
  A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
  The owls fly out in strange affright:
The columns of the evergreen palaces
  Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And, ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and shattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
  The airs hiss and howl, —
It is not the voice of the fountain,
  Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.

Dost thou not hear?
  Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
  The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard's-song
Streams the whole mountain along.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. P. B. Shelley.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I STOOD on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring invisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood; for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the life within;—
Fair ciphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of earth,

O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native land!
Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

FROM THE HARZ.

O GRAY and silent dawning!
The leaves are gently stirred;
Out to the forest border
The stag has led his herd.
Amid the corn he standeth
Stamping, with eye of fire;
I' the thicket close are lying
The peasants, son and sire.

The rusty gun uplifting,
The old man doth exclaim,—

"A stag of fourteen branches!
The deuce, boy, take good aim!"
He aims! the shot resoundeth!
Ay, that I woodcraft call!
The stag of fourteen branches, —
To earth they see him fall!

The frightened hinds all scatter;
The old man shouts, "Well done!"
Darts forth, and his knee planteth
Upon the deer thus won.
"Boy! but thy aim is famous!
Ay, true unto a hair!
God's blessing on our cornfield,
He 'll feed no longer there!

"For him no grain is needful;
He 'll bend its stalk no more.
But, Fritz! why stand'st thou gaping?
The cord, — quick! hand it o'er!
There! foot to foot we 've bound him,
Feel, — he 's already cold!"
Then, with his hounds and people,
Forth strode the keeper bold.

Help, God! He knows the by-paths!
Up start both sire and son, —
Rush forth, and leave behind them
The double-barrelled gun.
The keeper does not loiter;
He shouts, "Ye scoundrel crew!

To me the gun what boots it,
Without the shooters too?"

In vain! then quick to shoulder
He lifts his piece in sight,
Aims, — coolly, long, and surely, —
What, men? — and men in flight? —
No matter! Straight he fireth —
Hilloh! that call I luck!
He sees the old man falling, —
His neck the bullet struck!

There, prone in his own barley,
The stalwart peasant lies;
As if his heart were bursting
He groans, and groaning dies.
His blood spouts through his waistcoat,
Runs in the ploughshare's mark;
Soaks through the clods all warmly, —
What thinks the brooding lark?

Upon her nest she sitteth, —
She starts, to heaven she springs!
For blood her nest wells into, —
Blood, blood is on her wings!
To God she bids it lighten
Amid the sun's first beams,
Sprinkling the ears of barley
With gore, that back she streams.

That is a rain most potent,
That is no sprinkling mean,

That is a lark's soft blessing,
To make the corn-crop green.
On the young man it drops too,
Who onward madly fares,
And in his arms, lamenting,
His murdered father bears.

— Away, boy! Why embrace thus
This corpse so stiff and cold?
Away! and cease your whining, —
Feel! he 's already cold!
Back from those lips so livid
Take thine, yet warm with breath:
See! how the hounds are crouching, —
Great God! 't is at the death!

Straight on one dray are resting
The stag and man also,
And to the venison-larder
They through the pine-wood go.
They go all fast and furious, —
The keeper whistles light, —
He laughs, — why not? — he only
Exerts the keeper's right.

So gives it him no sorrow
The youth's wild grief to hear;
The clown will be forgotten,
And eaten be the deer.
Himself? He wins the medal, —
That lacked he yet alone, —

And Fritz, the scamp, is promptly
Into the dungeon thrown.

There stares he through the grating,
And sees an organ-boy,
Who sings unto the people
Without — this song of joy:
"Success to all who living
The garb of green do grace, —
To the field and to the forest,
The hunter and the chase!"

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. Anon.

HEINE.

SEE! in the May afternoon,
O'er the fresh short turf of the Hartz,
A youth, with the foot of youth,
Heine! thou climbest again.
Up, through the tall dark firs
Warming their heads in the sun,
Checkering the grass with their shade, —
Up, by the stream with its huge
Moss-hung boulders and thin
Musical water half hid, —
Up, o'er the rock-strewn slope,
With the sinking sun, and the air
Chill, and the shadows now
Long on the gray hillside, —
To the stone-roofed hut at the top.

Or, yet later, in watch
On the roof of the Brocken tower
Thou standest, gazing! to see
The broad red sun, over field,
Forest and city and spire
And mist-tracked stream of the wide,
Wide German land, going down
In a bank of vapors, — again
Standest! at nightfall, alone.

Or, next morning, with limbs
Rested by slumber, and heart
Freshened and light with the May,
O'er the gracious spurs coming down
Of the Lower Hartz, among oaks,
And beechen coverts, and copse
Of hazels green in whose depth
Ilse, the fairy transformed,
In a thousand water-breaks light
Pours her petulant youth,
Climbing the rock which juts
O'er the valley, the dizzily perched
Rock! to its Iron Cross
Once more thou cling'st; to the Cross
Clingest! with smiles, with a sigh.

Goethe, too, had been there.
In the long-past winter he came
To the frozen Hartz, with his soul
Passionate, eager, his youth
All in ferment; — but he

Destined to work and to live
Left it, and thou, alas!
Only to laugh and to die.

Matthew Arnold.

Heidelberg.

HYMN

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

JESU! bless our slender boat,
By the current swept along!
Loud its threatenings, — let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!

Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood!
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot thee, do not thou
Disregard thy suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient tower
Watching o'er the river's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;

Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth,
Where the whirlpool frets and raves,
Let thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in thee;
Miserere Domine!

William Wordsworth.

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire (in the twelfth century), that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother, Matilda, privately invited his children to return to Germany; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the Castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened." — Miss Benger's *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia.*

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armor hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?

And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?
The strings were hushed,— the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder o'er his face
Flushed the proud warrior-blood:
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,
"Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies,—
Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother, where?
He, in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow!

My son! O, call these orphans thine, —
Thou hast no brother now!

"What! from their gentle eyes doth naught
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When reared together there,
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew, —
Where is thy brother — where?

"Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen!
How is it that such things can be
As though they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave!
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offered to the grave.

"And let them, let them there be poured!
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.
O, death is mighty to make peace;
Now bid his work be done!
So many an inward strife shall cease, —
Take, take these babes, my son!"

His eye was dimmed, — the strong man shook
With feelings long suppressed;

Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strained them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight;
And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

Felicia Hemans.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING HER GRAVE AT HEIDELBERG.

A TOMBSTONE in a foreign land cries out,
O Italy! against thee: she whose death
This stone commemorates with no common praise,
By birth was thine; but, being vowed to Truth,
The blood-stained hand that lurks beneath thine alb
Was raised to strike, and lest one crime the more
Should stand in thine account to heaven, she fled.
Then hither came she, young but erudite,
With ardor flushed, but with old wisdom stored
(Which spake no tongue she knew not), apt to learn
And eloquent to teach, and welcomed here
Gave the brief beauty of her innocent life
An alien race to illustrate, and here
Dying in youth (the beauty of her death
Sealing her life's repute) her ashes gave
An honor to the land that honored her.

— Jerusalem! Jerusalem! which killest
The prophets! if thy house be desolate,
Those temples too are desolate, and that land,
Where Truth's pure votaries may not leave their dust.

Henry Taylor.

HEIDELBERG, ON THE TERRACE.

WE stood upon the castle's height,
So full of old romances;
The moon above shone clear and bright,
And silvered all our fancies.

The Neckar murmured in its flow,
The woods with dew were weeping,
And, lighting up the depths below,
The quiet town seemed sleeping.

The battlements rose grim and still
In majesty before us,
And floating faintly up the hill
We heard a students' chorus.

Inspired by the brimming cup,
Their words were wildly ringing;
They sang of love, — and I took up
The burden of their singing.

I spoke to you: in sweet surprise
A little while you hovered;
Then in the depths of those gray eyes
Your answer I discovered.

We vowed that while the Neckar's flow
(How low the words were spoken!)
Ran undisturbed these towers below,
Our troth should rest unbroken.

Again beneath these walls I stand,
And here my footsteps linger,
Where once I pressed with loving hand
This token on your finger.

But now the well-loved view I see
Its old enchantment misses;
The evening breeze sighs back to me
The shadows of our kisses;

Untired still the Neckar flows
In the soft summer weather;
But last year's leaves and last year's vows
Have flown away together.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Heisterbach, the Abbey.

THE MONK OF HEISTERBACH.

IN cloister Heisterbach a youthful monk
Went sauntering through the garden's farthest ground,
Reading God's Holy Word in silence, sunk
In musings on eternity profound.

He reads, and hears the Apostle Peter say:
"One day is with the Lord a thousand years,
A thousand years with him are but a day,"—
But, in his maze of doubt, no clew appears.

He heeds not, lost in thought, the flight of time,
And deeper in the wood is lost his track,
Until the bell, with holy vesper chime,
To serious cloister-duties calls him back.

He reaches with swift steps the gate; the hand
Of an unknown one answers now the bell;
He starts — but sees the church all lighted stand,
And hears the friars the holy chorus swell.

Then, entering, to his seat he straightway goes,
But strange to tell, he finds it occupied;
He looks upon the monks in their long rows,
He sees all strangers, there, on every side.

The staring one is stared at all around,
They ask his name, and why he there appears;
He tells, — low murmurs through the chapel sound!
"None such has lived here these three hundred years.

"The last who bore the name," out spake the crowd,
"A doubter was, and disappeared one day;
None, since, to take that name has been allowed" —
He hears the word, and shudders with dismay.

He names the abbot now, and names the year:
They call for the old cloister-book, and lo!
A mighty miracle of God is clear:
'T is he was lost three hundred years ago!

The terror palsies him, — his hair grows gray, —
A deathly paleness settles on his face, —

He sinks, — while breath enough is left to say:
"God is exalted over time and space!

"What he had hid, a miracle now clears;
Think of my fate, believe, adore, obey!
I know: a day is as a thousand years
With God, a thousand years are as a day!"

Karl Wilhelm Müller. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Hirschau, the Abbey.

THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and illuminating.*

IT is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I labored on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps had kissed,

Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse.
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it!
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold!
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!
Saint Ulrich himself never made a better!
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,

All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee!

He looks from the window.

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!
There, now, there is one in her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.

He makes a sketch.

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder
A shower is passing; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.

What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!
Now she gives him her hand to alight;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful Saint,
Or for one of the Marys I shall paint.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Hochheim.

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife; the field throughout,
Resting upon his arms, each warrior stood,
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.
O Silence! thou wert mother of a shout
That through the texture of yon azure dome
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest-home
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
— Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they the charge renew
Who have seen — themselves now casting off the yoke —
The unconquerable stream his course pursue.

William Wordsworth.

Hohenlinden.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

Ilmenau.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS.

I.

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II.

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,

In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

Johann Wolfgang von Göthe. Tr. H. W. Longfellow.

Ilsenstein.

PRINCESS ILSE.

I AM the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein:
Come with me to my castle;
Thou shalt be blest, — and mine!

With ever-flowing fountains
I 'll cool thy weary brow:
Thou 'lt lose, amid the rippling,
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing,
And on my snow-white breast,
Thou 'lt dream of old, old legends,
And sink in joy to rest.

I 'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day

I kissed the Emperor Henry,
  Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent:
  Only the living love;
And I am fair and blooming, —
  Dost feel my wild heart move?

And as my heart is beating,
  My crystal castle rings,
Where many a knight and lady
  In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
  Spurs ring from night to morn;
And dwarfs are gayly drumming,
  And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
  My arms round thee shall fall:
I held his ears, — he heard not
  The trumpet's warning call.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Isar (Iser), the River.

TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daughter,
Art a shape of joy,
Standing by the Isar's water
With thy brother-boy;
In thy dream, with idle fingers
Threading through his curls,
On thy cheek the sun's kiss lingers,
Rosiest of girls!

Woods of glossy oak are ringing
With the echoes bland,
While thy generous voice is singing
Songs of Fatherland, —
Songs, that by the Danube's river
Sound on hills of vine,
And where waves in green light quiver,
Down the rushing Rhine.

Life, with all its hues and changes,
To thy heart doth lie
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges
In the southern sky;
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,
Which the foot should fear,
And the crags that fall unbidden
Startle not the ear.

Where the village maidens gather
At the fountain's brim,
Or in sunny harvest-weather,
With the reapers trim;
Where the autumn fires are burning
On the vintage-hills;
Where the mossy wheels are turning
In the ancient mills;

Where from ruined robber-towers
Hangs the ivy's hair,
And the crimson foxbell flowers
On the crumbling stair; —
Everywhere, without thy presence,
Would the sunshine fail,
Fairest of the maiden peasants!
Flower of Isar's vale!

Bayard Taylor.

Jauer.

HEDWIG'S WELL, NEAR JAUER.

HOW shall I speak what in my breast hath striven?
How joy and sorrow bear, quick changes proving,
My softened heart to days of happy loving,
In which tears had not yet their poison given!
Who hath bound in sorrow my free Heaven?
Who dared to fetter thus my spirit's roving,

The minstrel to war's crimes by force removing?
Who hath my tree of peace thus foully riven?
What! hath not mine own hand the sword fast strained,
That to my German soil, by blood free rained,
Youth for a holy work, and life, he gained?
There speaks a God, in these waves' murmurs dwelling,
"Strength must have way, the rocky heart o'er-swelling,
And from the deeps of death springs life pure welling."

Karl Theodor Körner. Tr. W. B. Chorley.

Katzbach, the River.

THE TRUMPETER OF KATZBACH.

A TRUMPETER at Katzbach,
As the storm of fight swept by,
His life-blood ebbing slowly,
Had laid him down to die.

No ease the wound was bringing
Within his stricken breast;
Until he hears of victory
He does not pray for rest.

As he lay alone and dying,
Upon the blood-stained ground,
Upon his ear comes floating
A clarion's well-known sound.

From the cold earth he rises,
As he hears the glorious strain;
And on his stately charger
The trumpeter sits again.

Then forth he takes his trumpet,
Once more with nervous hand,
And rings with peal like thunder,
Victoria! o'er the land.

Victory! sounds the trumpet,
Victory! far and near!
Again that glorious echo
Sings thrilling on the ear.

But with that blast of thunder
His martial spirit fled;
And from his stately charger
The trumpeter falls dead!

Then as their comrade's obsequies
The serried ranks attend,
Spake softly the field-marshal,
"His was a happy end!"

Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. Percy Boyd.

BLÜCHER'S BALL.

BY the Katzbach, by the Katzbach, ha! there was a merry dance;
Wild and weird and whirling waltzes skipped ye through, ye knaves of France!

For there struck the great bass-viol an old German
master famed, —
Marshal Forward, Prince of Wallstadt, Gebhardt Le-
brecht Blücher named.
Up ! the Blücher hath the ball-room lighted with the
cannon's glare !
Spread yourselves, ye gay, green carpets, that the
dancing moistens there !
And his fiddle-bow at first he waxed with Goldberg
and with Jauer;
Whew ! he 's drawn it now full length, his play a stormy
northern shower !
Ha ! the dance went briskly onward, tingling madness
seized them all :
As when howling, mighty tempests on the arms of wind-
mills fall.
But the old man wants it cheery, wants a pleasant
dancing chime;
And with gun-stocks clearly, loudly, beats the old
Teutonic time.
Say, who, standing by the old man, strikes so hard the
kettle-drum,
And, with crushing strength of arm, down lets the
thundering hammer come ?
Gneisenau, the gallant champion : Alemannia's envious
foes
Smites the mighty pair, her living double-eagle, shiver-
ing blows.
And the old man scrapes the sweep-out : hapless Franks
and hapless trulls !
Now what dancers leads the graybeard ? Ha ! ha ! ha !
't is dead men's skulls !

But, as ye too much were heated in the sultriness of hell,
Till ye sweated blood and brains, he made the Katzbach cool ye well.
From the Katzbach, while ye stiffen, hear the ancient proverb say,
"Wanton varlets, venal blockheads, must with clubs be beat away!"

Adolf Ludwig Follen. Tr. C. C. Felton.

Kevelaer.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

THE mother stood at the window;
In the chamber lay her son.
"Arise! arise! dear William,
And see the crowd march on."
"I am so sick, my mother,
I cannot hear or see;
I think of my dead Gretchen,
And my heart is sad in me."

"Then we will go to Kevlaar,
With book and rosary,
And there God's gracious mother
Will heal thy heart for thee."

The banners flutter gayly,
The church bells ring aloud,
Past proud Cologne it marches, —
The singing, praying crowd.

The son, he leads his mother,
And all go marching on;
"All hail to thee, Maria!"
They sing with solemn tone.

II.

God's mother sits at Kevlaar,
With jewels in her hair;
To-day she wears her diamonds,
For many guests are there.
The sick with votive offerings
Have come from many lands,
To hang upon her altar
Their waxen feet and hands.
For when one offers a waxen hand,
His hand is cured of its wound;
And when one offers a waxen foot,
His foot at once is sound.
Many who came on crutches
Go running and dancing away,
And those whose fingers were stiff as sticks
On the violin can play.
Out of a waxen candle
The mother formed a heart:
"Give this to Holy Mary,

And she will cure thy smart!"
Sadly he took the image,
Went sadly to the shrine,
And, words with tears commingled,
He cried: "O Maid divine!
O Queen of heaven and angels!
Receive my bitter moan.
I dwell with my poor mother,
In a street of fair Cologne;
Where, in three hundred churches,
Men go to sing and pray;
And near to us lived Gretchen,
And she is dead to-day!
I bring this waxen image,
The image of my heart;
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,
And cure my deadly smart!
Do this, and every morning,
Evening, and all day long,
Hail to thee, Blessed Mary,
Shall be my prayer and song!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
Slept in a little room;
Then came the Blessed Virgin,
Soft stepping through the gloom.
She bent above the sick man,
And on his heart she laid
Her gentle hand, — then, smiling,

Passed, like a mist, the Maid.
The mother, in her slumber
Had seen the whole event;
Then wakened, for the frightened dogs
Howled, as the Virgin went.
He lay stretched out before her,
Her son, and he was dead;
And on his thin and pallid cheek
The morning sun burned red.
The mother knew not how she felt,
But bent in peace her head;
"God bless thee! Holy Mother!"
Were all the words she said.

Heinrich Heine. Tr. J. F. Clarke.

Kitzen.

LEAVE-TAKING FROM LIFE.

THE deep wound burns, — my parched lips coldly quiver, —
I feel, by my faint heart's unsteady beating,
That the last pulse of my young life is fleeting, —
God, to thy hands my spirit I deliver!
How sounds of coming death all harshly sever
The fair dream-music, where bright forms were meeting!
Yet, courage! what hath given my heart true greeting,
I shall yet keep to dwell with me forever!

And all towards which my worship here ascended,
What my hot youth, with fieriest zeal defended,
Now viewed in Freedom, — once with Love all blended,
I see, as a light seraph, o'er me flying, —
And whilst each fainting sense is slowly dying,
It wafts sweet airs with Heaven's morn-fragrance sighing!

Karl Theodor Körner. Tr. W. B. Chorley.

Koesen.

A LEGEND OF KOESEN BRIDGE.

LONG, long ago in Thüringen,
Upon the Saale's shore
A shepherd loved a shepherdess:
His love was triéd sore;
For on the left bank he his flock
Did tend, while on the right
Was hers, — but yet across the stream
Their true love they did plight.

One day Count Rudolph riding by,
It pleased him to command
His vassals here to build a bridge
For his Thüringian land.
Soon was the work begun, huge stones
Were lowered in the stream,

And the shepherd lad he danced to think
Fulfilled might be his dream.

Though in the building of the bridge
Full many a year had flown,
The love of that true, loving pair
Had but intenser grown.
At length the road across the stream
Was free; to yonder side
The shepherd drove his little flock,
There to embrace his bride.

The shepherdess was eager too
To meet her own true, love,
So towards the new-built bridge her flock
She with a full heart drove, —
And on the bridge these lovers met,
They vowed they ne'er would part, —
To seal their love then each one carved
Upon the brink a heart.

Those lovers twain were soon relieved
Of separation's woe,
And their two flocks from that day forth
Together grazed below.
E'en to this day those hearts remain
Carved there, — do not forget
In passing o'er the bridge to look, —
'T is where those lovers met!

George Browning.

Kunersdorf.

THE FIELD OF KUNERSDORF.

DAY is exiled from the Land of Twilight;
Leaf and flower are drooping in the wood,
And the stars, as in a dark-stained skylight,
Glass their ancient glory in the flood.
Let me here — where night-winds through the yew sing,
Where the moon is chary of her beams —
Consecrate an hour to mournful musing
Over man and man's delirious dreams.
Pines and yews! envelop me in deeper,
Dunner shadow, sombre as the grave;
While with moans, as of a troubled sleeper,
Gloomily above my head ye wave.
Let mine eye look down from hence on yonder
Battle-plain, which night in pity dulls;
Let my sad imagination ponder
Over Kunersdorf, that place of skulls!

Dost thou reillume these wastes, O Summer?
Hast thou raised anew thy trampled bowers?
Will the wild bee come again a hummer
Here, within the houses of thy flowers?
Can thy sunbeams light, thy wild rains water,
This Aceldama, this human soil,
Since that dark day of redundant slaughter,
When the blood of men flowed here like oil?

Ah, yes! Nature, and thou, God of Nature,
Ye are ever bounteous! man alone, —
Man it is whose frenzies desolate your
World, and make it in sad truth his own.

Here saw Frederick fall his bravest warriors;
Master of thy world, thou wert too great!
Heaven had need to 'stablish curbing-barriers
'Gainst thine inroads on the world of fate.
O, could all thy coronals of splendor
Dupe thy memory of that ghastly day!
Could the Graces, could the Muses, render
Smooth and bright a corse-o'ercovered way!
No! the accusing blood-beads ever trickle
Down each red leaf of thy chaplet-crown:
Men fell here as corn before the sickle, —
Fell to aggrandize thy false renown!
Here the veteran dropped beside the springald,
Here sank strength, and symmetry in line,
Here crushed hope and gasping valor mingled;
And, destroyer, the wild work was thine!
Whence is then this destiny funereal?
What this tide of being's flow and ebb?
Why rends death at will the fine material
Of existence's divinest web?
Vainly ask me! Dim age calls to dim age!
Answer, save an echo, cometh none:
Here stands man, of life in death an image,
There, invisibly, the Living One!

Storm-clouds lower and muster in the distance;
Girt with wrecks by sea and wrecks by land,

Time, upon the far shore of existence,
Counts each wave-drop swallowed by the sand.
Generation chases generation,
Down-bowed by the all-worn, unworn yoke:
No cessation, and no explication, —
Birth, life, death! — the silence, flash, and smoke!

Here, then, Frederick, formidable sovereign!
Here, in presence of these whitened bones,
Live as at length to cherish peace, and govern
So that men may learn to reverence thrones!
O, repudiate blood-bought fame, and hearken
To the myriad witness-voiced dead,
Ere the sternness shall lay down, to darken,
In the silentness, thy crownless head!
Shudder at the dire phantasmagory
Of the slain who perished here through thee;
And abhor all future wreaths of glory
Gathered from the baleful cypress-tree!

Lofty souls disdain or dread the laurel;
Hero is a mad exchange for man;
Adders lurk in green spots: such the moral
Taught by history since her schools began.
Cæsar slain, the victim of his trophies,
Bajazet expiring in his cage,
All the Cæsars, all the Sabre-Sophies,
Preach the selfsame homily each age.
One drugged wine-cup dealt with Alexander;
And his satraps scarce had shared afresh
Half the empires of the world-commander,
Ere the charnel-worms had shared his flesh!

Though the rill roll down from life's green mountain
Bright through festal dells of youthful days,
Soon the water of that glancing fountain
In the vale of years must moult its rays.
There the pilgrim on the bridge that, bounding
Life's domain, frontiers the wold of death,
Startled for the first time, hears resounding,
From eternity, a voice that saith, —
"All which is not pure shall melt and wither.
Lo! the desolator's arm is bare,
And where man is, truth shall trace him thither,
Be he curtained round with gloom or glare."

From the German. Tr. Anon.

Kyffhäuser Mountains.

FRIEDRICH ROTHBART.

FAR within the lone Kyffhäuser,
With a lamp red glimmering by
Sits the aged Emperor Frederick,
At a marble table nigh.

Covered with a purple mantle,
And in armor glancing bright,
Still upon his moveless eyelids
Lieth slumber's heavy night.

On his features, calm yet earnest,
Love and sternness each is shown,

And his beard, so long and golden,
Through the marble stone hath grown.

Here, like brazen statues standing,
All his knights their lord surround,
Sword begirt, in armor gleaming,
But like him in slumber bound.

Henry, he of Ofterdingen,
Mid the silent ranks is there,
With his lips so skilled in singing,
And his yellow curling hair.

By his side his harp reclineth,
Like its master, voiceless now,
But a coming song is sleeping
Yet upon his noble brow.

All is silent, save the moisture
Dropping slowly from the wall, —
Silent, till the appointed morning
Breaks in glory over all.

Till the eagle's mighty pinions
Round the mountain-summit play,
At whose rush the swarming ravens,
Quick affrighted, flee away.

Comes a sound like far-off thunder,
Rolling through the mountain then,
And the emperor grasps his sword-hilt,
And the knights awake again.

Loud upon its hinges sounding,
Open springs the brazen door,
Barbarossa and his followers
Walk in bright array once more.

On his helm the crown he beareth,
And the sceptre in his hand;
Swords are glancing, harps are ringing,
Where he moveth through the land.

All before the monarch bending
Render him the homage due,
And the holy German Empire
Foundeth he at Aix anew.

Emanuel Geibel. Tr. W. W. Caldwell.

BARBAROSSA'S FIRST AWAKENING.

STEEPED in the crimson sunlight
Reposed the golden plain,
As if the yellow cornfields
Were bathed in blood-red rain;
Full darkly loomed Kyffhäuser
Through fog which slowly broke,
When first the spellbound Kaiser
From his long sleep awoke.

A look of royal anger
On his vassals round he threw:
"I slept in deepest slumber,
Who dared such deed to do?

Who, braving all my fury,
From sleep has dragged me so,
And called in hollow accents,
'Woe, Hohenstaufen, woe!'

"Who caused that sudden clashing
Of steel on steel to rise?
Who held the gaudy banners
Before my startled eyes?
Who has my dreams distracted
With fleeting forms of air,
And blood-red ensigns floating
On a wide market-square?

"There I beheld a monarch, —
High on a throne he sate;
He glared upon a scaffold
With eyes of wrath and hate.
The black-draped scaffold towered
Midst crowding heads and spears,
And on its height were standing
Two youths of tender years.

"Beside them on the scaffold,
Boding a deed of blood,
A grisly grim attendant,
The headsman, waiting stood.
He stood in cap of scarlet
And in a scarlet frock;
He leaned upon his weapon,
Before him was the block!

"Sudden the shrilly clarions
Rang out with murderous glee;
Hear you the king's commandment?
His signal do you see?
One captive flung his gauntlet
Among the crowd below,
Which murmured like the ocean
When the hoarse storm-winds blow!

"His head that first pale victim
Lays firm upon the oak;
See, from his slender body
'T is severed with a stroke!
Far spouts the blood's red fountain,
The king gives sign anew,
And ghastly smiles, as quickly
The second's head falls too!

"Lo! where the heads are rolling
On mine own shattered shield, —
Who has this fearful vision,
To scare my sleep, revealed?
Who, braving all my fury,
From slumber dragged me so,
And called in hollow accents,
'Woe, Hohenstaufen, woe!'"

The dwarfs, all pale and trembling,
Bow down before the king, —
"We know not who, O monarch,
Would dare do such a thing —"

That very time at Naples
The young Conradin stood
With Frederic of Suabia
On a scaffold dripping blood!

'T was then the bearded monarch
Upstarted from his place;
Saw dimly in Kyffhäuser
The end of his own race;
He growled in angry wonder,
And bent again his head,
A century had nearly
Of his long slumber fled.

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. J. McCarthy.

BARBAROSSA.

THE ancient Barbarossa
By magic spell is bound,—
Old Frederic the Kaiser,
In castle underground.

The Kaiser hath not perished,
He sleeps an iron sleep;
For, in the castle hidden,
He 's sunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith, in fitting season,
He shall appear again.

The Kaiser he is sitting
  Upon an ivory throne;
Of marble is the table
  His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen,
  Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
  Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth,
  Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
  A stripling to his side.

"Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
  And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
  Are wheeling round the hill.

"For if the ancient ravens
  Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
  By magic spell I'm bound."

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

Kynast, the Castle.

THE GREETING OF KYNAST.

SHE said: This narrow chamber is not for me the place,
Said the Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
'T is pleasanter on horseback, I 'll hie me to the chase,
Said the Lady Kunigunde!

She said: The knight who weds me, I do require of him,
Said the Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
To gallop round the Kynast and break nor neck nor limb.

A noble knight came forward and galloped round the wall;
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast,
The lady, without lifting a finger, saw him fall.

And yet another galloped around the battlement;
The Lady Kunigunde,
The lady saw him tumble, yet did she not relent.

And rider after rider spurred round his snorting horse;
The Lady Kunigunde
Saw him vanish o'er the rampart, and never felt remorse.

Long time the folly lasted, then came not rider more;
The Lady Kunigunde,
They would not ride to win her, the trial was too sore.

She stood upon her towers, she looked upon the land,
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast:
I 'm all alone at home here, will no one seek my hand?

Is there none will ride to win me, to win me for his bride,
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast?
O fie, the paltry rider who dreads the bridal ride!

Then out and spake from Thüringen the Landgrave Adelbert:
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
Well may the haughty damsel her worthiness assert.

He trains his horse to gallop on narrow walls of stone;
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
The lady shall not see us break neck or limb or bone.

See here, O noble lady, I 'm he that dares the ride!
The Lady Kunigunde,
She looks in thoughtful silence, to see him sit in pride.

She saw him now make ready, then trembled she and sighed,
The Lady Kunigunde:
Woe 's me that I so fearful have made the bridal ride!

Then rode he round the Kynast; her face she turned
away,
The Lady Kunigunde:
Woe's me, the knight is riding down to his grave to-
day!

He rides around the Kynast, right round the narrow
wall;
The Lady Kunigunde!
She cannot stir for terror her lily hand at all.

He rides around the Kynast, clear round the battle-
ment;
The Lady Kunigunde!
As if a breath might kill him, she held her breath sus-
pent.

He rode around the Kynast and straight to her rode he;
Said the Lady Kunigunde of Kynast:
Thanks be to God in heaven, who gave thy life to thee!

Thanks be to God that into thy grave thou didst not
ride!
Said the Lady Kunigunde:
Come down from off thy horse now, O knight, unto
thy bride!

Then spake the noble rider, and greeted, as he sate,
The Lady Kunigunde:
O trust a knight for horsemanship! well have I taught
thee that.

Now wait till comes another who can the same thing do,
O Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
I 've wife and child already, can be no spouse for you.

He gave his steed the spur, now; rode back the way he came;
The Lady Kunigunde!
The lady saw him vanish, she swooned with scorn and shame.

And she remains a virgin, her pride had such a fall,
The Lady Kunigunde!
Changed to a wooden image she stands in sight of all.

An image, like a hedgehog, with spines for hair, is now
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
The stranger has to kiss it, who climbs the Kynast's brow.

We bring it him to kiss it; and if it shocks his pride,
The Lady Kunigunde of Kynast!
He must pay down his forfeit, who will not kiss the bride,
The Lady Kunigunde!

Friedrich Rückert. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Laach, the Lake.

GOOD MORNING.

DOWN I gazed from Eifel's ridges wooded,
As the moon at full the clouds 'gan break;
Far and dazzling white, her lustre flooded
Laach's monastic walls and tranquil lake.

Gently breathed low winds across the valley,
Leaves and sedges whispered round the strand;
From the flood arose, and beckoned palely,
Fair and slim, the Nun's mysterious hand.

Like a flower afar, it glimmered whitely,
Rose and fell as heaved the water slow;
Round it, mirrored stars were shining brightly, —
Were they charmed from heaven to shine below?

Still the spotless hand the sign repeated;
Shuddering swelled the wave with surging flow;
Lights unearthly through the branches fleeted;
O'er the crossway leapt the frightened roe.

Was 't the hind, that Genoveva mourning
Long attended, and her tears consoled?
O, there seized me then a sore sweet yearning
For the holy fable-world of old!

Nearly, then, yon pallid hand obeying,
Had I followed to its magic cell;

But, with force awaked, myself arraying
'Gainst myself, I rose above the spell.

Lake and abbey, spires of rock and turret,
Wood and vale, where Genoveva mourned:
From the scene, with moonlight glancing o'er it,
With one look, my last, I firmly turned.

Hastening thence, by tangled paths, while ever
On the leaves the wildering moonlight lay,
Toward the morning, and my native river; —
From the night to welcome in the day!

So for real life I left my dreaming;
Shades and ghosts forsook without a sigh:
Yonder, lo! — in joyous sunlight gleaming,
Deep and broad and green, the Rhine rushed by!

Rushed the Rhine; — and life in motion met me;
Yes! these shores to life my heart invite;
Nor like those I left, extend to greet me,
Spectral hands, and lifeless fingers white.

No! the grasp of welcome undissembling,
From my people's frank and faithful hands,
That, with reverence due, but never trembling,
By the mark, resolved, for Justice stands.

O, it chased, with ghosts and idle yearning,
All of night that on my bosom lay.
To my nation, then, I bade "Good Morning!"
Next, God willing, shall I bid "Good Day!"

So "Good Morning!" Free I choose my station
With the people, and their cause make mine.
"Poet, march and labor with thy nation!"
Thus I read, to-day, my Schiller's line.

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. J. R. Chorley.

Lahneck, the Castle.

THE SALUTATION OF A SPIRIT.

HIGH on the castle's ancient walls
The warrior's shade appears,
Who to the bark that 's passing calls,
And thus its passage cheers:

"Behold! these sinews once were strong;
This heart was firm and bold;
Mid war and glory, feast and song,
My earthly years were told.

"Restless through half of life I ran,
In half have sought for ease.
What then? Thou bark, that sail'st with man,
Haste, haste to cleave the seas!"

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. J. S. Dwight.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AND THE RUINS OF LAHNECK CASTLE.

ON the dark heights that overlook the Rhine,
Flinging long shadows on the watery plains,
Crowned with gray towers, and girdled by the vine,
How little of the warlike past remains!

The castle walls are shattered, and wild-flowers
Usurp the crimson banner's former sign.
Where are the haughty Templars and their powers?
Their forts are perished, but not so their shrine.

Like Memory veiled, Tradition sits and tells
Her twilight histories of the olden time;
How few the records of those craggy dells
But what recall some sorrow or some crime!

Of Europe's childhood was the feudal age,
When the world's sceptre was the sword; and power,
Unfit for human weakness, wrong, and rage,
Knew not that curb which waits a wiser hour.

Ill suited empire with a human hand;
Authority needs rule, restraint, and awe;
Order and peace spread gradual through the land,
And force submits to a diviner law.

A few great minds appear, and by their light
The many find their way; truth after truth

Doth starlike rise on depths of moral night,
Though even now is knowledge in its youth.

Still as those ancient heights, which only bore
The iron harvest of the sword and spear,
Are now with purple vineyards covered o'er,
While cornfields fill the fertile valleys near:

Our moral progress has a glorious scope,
Much has the Past by thought and labor done;
Knowledge and Peace pursue the steps of Hope,
Whose noblest victories are yet unwon.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Langewinkel.

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

BEAUTEOUS is it in the summer-night, and calm
along the Rhine,
And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on
wave and vine.
But a stately figure standeth on the silent hill alone,
Like the phantom of a monarch looking vainly for his
throne!

Yes! — 't is he, — the unforgotten lord of this beloved
land!
'T is the glorious Car'lus Magnus, with his gleamy
sword in hand,

And his crown enwreathed with myrtle, and his golden
sceptre bright,
And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the
night!

Since he dwelled among his people stormy centuries
have rolled,
Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is
waxing old:
Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he
once more
From his marble tomb to wander here by Langewinkel's
shore?

O, fear ye not the emperor! — he doth not leave his
tomb
As the herald of disaster to our land of blight and bloom;
He cometh not with blight or ban on castle, field, or
shrine,
But with overflowing blessings for the vineyards of the
Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the
time,
They shine from Langewinkel unto ancient Ingelheim;
And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the monarch
seen to go,
And from thence he pours his blessings on the royal
flood below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,
The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields of golden
grain,

The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;
He blesses all, for over all he reigned of yore on earth;

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute farewell,
And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle,
Till the summer-time be come again, with sun and rain and dew,
And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to them anew.

Emanuel Geibel. Tr. J. C. Mangan.

Lech, the River.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF THE BAVARIAN GENERAL TILLY.

TILLY, thine hopes are fallen! by the stream
Of rapid Lech victorious cannons roar
With Swedish vengeance; on the adverse shore
Fraught with thy death the volleyed lightnings gleam!
Yet nor those hardy veterans, who seem
To mock all hinderance; nor those mouths, which pour
The thundering voice of war with fierce uproar;
Nor e'en Gustavus mars thy glorious dream.
But she, who met thee with her ghastly train
Of murdered babes (a pale and vengeful ghost),
Sad Magdeburg, in Leipsic's dubious fight;
And with her heaven's red arm, which o'er the plain
Spread strange dismay: then victory fled thine host,
And thy bright glories sunk in fatal night.

William Herbert.

Leipsic (Leipzig).

THE LEIPSIC TOURNAMENT.

IN Leipsic's famous city,
In Leipsic's castle-hall,
Are seen brave warriors many,
With armor-bearers all.

In march the Wittenbergers, —
Their bristling halberds see!
They mean, around their master,
A storm-proof wall to be.

But he — no lance he beareth,
Nor sword nor spear doth wield,
The Word of God's his weapon, —
The Spirit is his shield.

Hark! sounds no blast of trumpets
The signal to the fight?
No! to the holy combat
Sweet organ-tones invite.

Down on their knees all sinking,
Their manly forms they bow, —
They pray high Heaven to send them
The Holy Spirit now:

"Come, rest on us, thou worthy,
Thou Holy Spirit of God!

Thou Comforter who teachest
The path his Christ hath trod!

"O, give us wisdom's fulness,
And faith's exalted might,
The truth in love revealing,
That worketh all things right!"

And now they all have risen, —
The lists wide open fly, —
The herald calls to combat:
Now battle manfully!

From yonder glittering phalanx
Forth stalks a champion proud,
Of giant frame, and piercing
His voice rings through the crowd:—

"Who dares with me to battle?
I fling my gauntlet down!" —
One of the Wittenbergers
Has dared to meet his frown.

They run at one another,
Their swords flash to and fro, —
They cut and thrust and parry,
Loud sounds the sturdy blow.

Yet neither strikes his foeman
Quite to the ground. — Come, thou,
The Wittenbergers' master,
Out on the arena now!

And, like the son of Jesse,
A young monk takes the field;
No lance has he, nor helmet,
He bears no sword nor shield.

But in his wallet bears he
Full many a goodly stone;
So well he knows to sling them,
They crash through brass and bone.

He bears his cause so bravely,
He fights so valiantly,
The knights in that assembly
His deeds with terror see!

The blows they thicken round him,
And clip and clap they fall,
But from his frame as nimbly
They fly off, one and all.

"The master on his finger
A little ring doth wear,
And holds, by art of magic,
An evil spirit there!"

Thus, through the knightly circle
Suspicious whispers fly:
"Come out, thou evil spirit!
Out from the ring!" they cry.

"The master hath a nosegay
He in his hand doth bear,

And holds, by art of magic,
An evil spirit there!"

"Come out, then, from the nosegay,
Foul fiend!" they cry once more;
The ring, and eke the nosegay,
Are what they were before.

Now let me say, my masters,
It is not in the ring,
And as to imps in nosegays,
'T is all a foolish thing.

Know when the Lord of spirits
His servants aids in fight,
Then needs a noble warrior
No alien spirit's might.

The Lord from Heaven's the spirit
That lends true strength, and he
Hath to our master given
Courage and victory.

From the German. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

PONIATOWSKI.

JULY, 1831.

WHAT! are ye flying, conquerors of the world?
Hath Fortune blundered before Leipsic's walls?
What, flying! whilst the bridge blown up and hurled
In ruins back, to the hoarse torrent falls!

Men, horses, arms, all wildly mingled, there
Are plunged; the Elster rolls encumbered by:
But deaf it rolls to vow or tear or prayer:
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
the cry.

"Naught but a hand? a plague on him who craves!
Press on, press on! for whom should we delay?"
'T is for a hero sinking in the waves;
'T is Poniatowski, wounded thrice to-day.
Who cares? Fear bids them haste with savage speed;
To stern, cold hearts for aid doth he apply:
The waters part him from his faithful steed:
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!"
his cry.

He dies — not yet — he struggles — swims — once more
The charger's mane his clutching fingers feel.
"What! to die drowned! whilst there upon the shore
I hear the cannon, and I see the steel!
Help, comrades, help! you boasted I was brave!
I loved you — this my blood should testify.
Ah! 't is for France some drops I still would save!
Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!" his
cry.

There is no succor! and his failing hand
Lets go its guide: "Poland, adieu, adieu!"
But lo! a dream descends at Heaven's command,
With brilliant image dawning on his view.
"Ha! the White Eagle to the combat wakes;
All soaked with Russian blood I see it fly:

Loud on mine ear a hymn of glory breaks:
Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!" his cry.

There is no succor! he is dead, — the foe
Along the reedy shore their camp have made.
That day is distant; but a voice of woe
Still calls beneath the waters' deepest shade.
And now (great God! give man a willing ear)
That mournful voice is lifted to the sky!
Wherefore from heaven re-echoed to us here,
"Frenchman, give but a hand, and I am saved!" the cry.

'T is Poland, 't is her faithful sons' lament:
How oft our battles she hath helped to gain!
She drowns herself in her own heart's blood, spent
With lavish flow, her honor to maintain.
As then the Chief, whose mangled corse was found
In Elster's waves, — he for our land did die, —
Now calls a nation, o'er a gulf profound,
"Frenchmen, give but a hand, and we are saved!" the cry.

Pierre Jean de Béranger. Tr. W. Young.

Lichtenwald.

HARRAS, THE BOLD LEAPER.

THE world yet waited in shadowy light
The dawn of the rising day;
And scarcely yet had waked the night
From the slumber in which it lay.
But, hark! along the forest way
Unwonted echoes rung,
And all accoutred for the fray
A band of warriors sprung!

And forth they rushed along the plain,
In thunder, to the fight;
And foremost of that martial train
Was Harras, the gallant knight.
They ride upon their secret way,
O'er forest and vale and down,
To reach their foe while yet 't is day,
And storm his castled town.

So sally they forth from the forest gloom;
But as they leave its shade
They rush, alas! to meet their doom,
And their progress is betrayed:
For suddenly bursts upon their rear
The foe, with twice their force;
Then out at once rush shield and spear,
And the charger flies on his course.

And the wood in unwonted echoes rang
With the sounds of that deadly fray,
And the sabre's clash and the helmet's clang
Is mixed with the courser's neigh.
A thousand wounds have dyed the field
Unheeded in the strife;
But not a man will ask to yield,
For freedom is dearer than life!

But their stronger foes must win the day,
And the knights begin to fail;
For the sword hath swept their best array,
And superior powers prevail.
Unconquered alone, to a rocky height
Bold Harras fought his way;
And his brave steed carried him through the fight,
And bore him safe away.

And he left the rein to that trusty steed,
And rode from the fatal fray;
But he gave to his erring path no heed,
And he missed the well-known way.
And when he heard the foemen near,
He sprang from the forest gloom;
But as soon as he reached the daylight clear,
He saw at once his doom!

He had reached a frightful precipice,
Where he heard the deep waves roll;
For he stood on Zschopauthal's dread abyss,
And horror chilled his soul!

For on yonder bank he could espy
The remnant of his band;
And his heart impatient panted high,
As they waved the friendly hand.

And he longed, as he looked o'er that dreadful steep,
For wings to aid his flight;
For that cliff is full fifty fathoms deep,
And his horse drew back with fright.
And he saw, as he looked behind and below,
On either side his grave:
Behind him, from the coming foe;
Before him, in the wave!

And he chooses 'twixt death from the foemen's hand,
Or death where the deep waves roll;
Then he boldly rides up to that rocky strand,
And commends to the Lord his soul!
And as nearer he hears the foemen ride,
He seeks the utmost steep;
And he plunges his spurs in his courser's side,
And dares the dreadful leap!

And swiftly he sank through the yielding air,
And into the flood he fell;
His steed is dashed to atoms there,
But the knight lives safe and well!
And mid the plaudits of his band,
He stemmed the parting wave,
And soon in safety reached the land,
For Heaven will never forsake the brave!

Karl Theodor Körner. Tr. G. F. Richardson.

Lorraine.

LORRAINE (LOTHRINGEN).

PART I.

SWEETLY the June-time twilights wane
Over the hills of fair Lorraine,

Sweetly the mellow moonbeams fall
O'er rose-wreathed cottage and ivied wall;

But never dawned a brighter eve
Than the holy night of St. Genevieve,

And never moonlight fairer fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.

Richly the silver splendor shines,
Spangles with sheen the clustered vines,

And rests in benediction fair,
On midnight tresses and golden hair.

Golden hair and midnight tress
Mingle in tender lovingness,

While the evening breezes breathe upon
Marie and Jean, and their hearts are one!

The spell of silence lifts at last:
"Marie, the Saint's sweet day is past,

"The vesper chimes have died away,
Where shall we be on New Year's day?"

With answering throb heart thrilled to heart,
Hand met hand with sudden start,

For in each soul shone the blessed thought,
The vision fair of a little cot

Nestled beneath the lilac spray,
Waiting the blissful bridal day.

Low bowed in tearful silence there,
Their hearts rose up in solemn prayer;

And still the mellow lustre fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle,

And still the moonlight shone upon
Marie and Jean, and their hearts were one!

PART II.

Six red moons have rolled away,
And the sun is shining on New Year's day.

Over the hills of fair Lorraine,
Heaps of ashes, and rows of slain;

Where merrily rang the light guitar,
The angry tramp of the red hussar

Flings on the midnight's shrinking breath
The direful notes of the dance of death!

Underneath the clustering vines
The sentry's glittering sabre shines;

Over the banks of the blue Moselle
Rain of rocket and storm of shell!

Where, to-day, is the forehead fair
Crowned with masses of midnight hair?

A summer's twilight saw him fall
Dead on Verdun's leaguered wall.

Where, alas! is the little cot?
Ask the blackened walls of Gravelotte.

Under the lilac broods alone
A maid whose heart is turned to stone;

Who sits, with folded fingers, dumb,
And meekly prays that her time may come.

Yet see! the death-god's baleful star,
And war's black eagle screams afar!

And lo! the New Year's shadows wane
Over the hills of sad Lorraine.

Frederick K. Crosby.

Ludwigshof.

THE ROYAL PORTRAITS.

I.

CONFRONTING each other the pictures stare
Into each other's sleepless eyes;
And the daylight into the darkness dies,
From year to year in the palace there:
But they watch and guard that no device
Take either one of them unaware.

Their majesties the king and the queen,
The parents of the reigning prince:
Both put off royalty many years since,
With life and the gifts that have always been
Given to kings from God, to evince
His sense of the mighty over the mean.

I cannot say that I like the face
Of the king; it is something fat and red;
And the neck that lifts the royal head
Is thick and coarse; and a scanty grace
Dwells in the dull blue eyes that are laid
Sullenly on the queen in her place.

He must have been a king in his day
'T were well to pleasure in work and sport:
One of the heaven-anointed sort
Who ruled his people with iron sway,

And knew that, through good and evil report,
God meant him to rule and them to obey.

There are many other likenesses
Of the king in his royal palace there;
You find him depicted everywhere, —
In his robes of state, in his hunting-dress,
In his flowing wig, in his powdered hair, —
A king in all of them, none the less;

But most himself in this on the wall
Over against his consort, whose
Laces, and hoops, and high-heeled shoes
Make her the finest lady of all
The queens or courtly dames you choose,
In the ancestral portrait hall.

A glorious blonde: a luxury
Of luring blue and wanton gold,
Of blanchéd rose and crimson bold,
Of lines that flow voluptuously
In tender, languorous curves to fold
Her form in perfect symmetry.

She might have been false. Of her withered dust
There scarcely would be enough to write
Her guilt in now; and the dead have a right
To our lenient doubt if not to our trust:
So if the truth cannot make her white,
Let us be as merciful as we — must.

II.

The queen died first, the queen died young,
But the king was very old when he died,
Rotten with license and lust and pride;
And the usual Virtues came and hung
Their cypress wreaths on his tomb, and wide
Throughout his kingdom his praise was sung.

How the queen died is not certainly known,
And faithful subjects are all forbid
To speak of the murder which some one did
One night while she slept in the dark alone:
History keeps the story hid,
And Fear only tells it in undertone.

Up from your startled feet aloof,
In the famous Echo-Room, with a bound
Leaps the echo, and round and round
Beating itself against the roof, —
A horrible, gasping, shuddering sound, —
Dies ere its terror can utter proof

Of that it knows. A door is fast,
And none is suffered to enter there.
His sacred majesty could not bear
To look at it toward the last,
As he grew very old. It opened where
The queen died young so many years past.

III.

How the queen died is not certainly known;
But in the palace's solitude
A harking dread and horror brood,
And a silence, as if a mortal groan
Had been hushed the moment before, and would
Break forth again when you were gone.

The present king has never dwelt
In the desolate palace. From year to year
In the wide and stately garden drear
The snows and the snowy blossoms melt
Unheeded, and a ghastly fear
Through all the shivering leaves is felt.

By night the gathering shadows creep
Along the dusk and hollow halls,
And the slumber-broken palace calls
With stifled moans from its nightmare sleep;
And then the ghostly moonlight falls
Athwart the darkness brown and deep.

At early dawn the light wind sighs,
And through the desert garden blows
The wasted sweetness of the rose;
At noon the feverish sunshine lies
Sick in the walks. But at evening's close,
When the last, long rays to the windows rise,

And with many a blood-red, wrathful streak
Pierce through the twilight glooms that blur

His cruel vigilance and her
Regard, they light fierce looks that wreak
A hopeless hate that cannot stir,
A voiceless hate that cannot speak

In the awful calm of the sleepless eyes;
And as if she saw her murderer glare
On her face, and he the white despair
Of his victim kindle in wild surmise,
Confronted the conscious pictures stare, —
And their secret back into darkness dies.

William Deane Howells.

Lützen.

BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

BE not dismayed, thou little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle-shock,
Loud on all sides, assail thee.
Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
Their triumph cannot long endure;
Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's, — go at his call,
And to his hand commit thy all;
Fear thou no ill impending:
His Gideon shall arise for thee,

God's Word and people manfully,
In God's own time, defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' might;
Against themselves the godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be;
God is with us, with him are we:
To us belongs his blessing.

King Gustavus Adolphus. *Tr. Anon.*

Magdeburg.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURG.

THE sack of this ill-fated city occurred during the Thirty Years' War. . . . . Tilly was before the city from March, 1631, and was about to raise the siege, in expectation of Gustavus to its assistance, but he was overruled by the fiery Pappenheim, who proposed an immediate attack. Preparations were made forthwith, and the storming commenced. In about six weeks the city fell, notwithstanding the bravery of the garrison, and it is estimated that upwards of twenty-five thousand persons perished.

WHEN the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack;
Five times the assault was made,
Four times were we beaten back.
Many a gallant comrade fell;
In the desperate mêlée there
Sped their spirits ill or well,
Know I not nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode
O'er the dying and the dead;
Hot the western sunbeam glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red.
Redder in the gory way
Our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of "Slay, slay, slay!"
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew, —
Slew them with unpitying sword;
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord?
Fled the coward, fought the brave,
Wailed the mother, wept the child;
But not one escaped the glaive, —
Man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men
When the morning sun arose;
Lived not thrice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening close.
Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fanned to fury by the wind;
Of the city, — but the name
Nothing more is left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.

All that rose at craftsman's call
To its pristine dust had gone,
For inside the shattered wall
Left we never stone on stone. —

For it burnt not till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil;
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil?
What the villain sons of trade
Had amassed by years of care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
By one moment won, was there.

Then, within the burning town,
Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sounds of hostile moan,
Did we the joyous banquet spread.
Laughing loud and quaffing long,
With our glorious labors o'er;
To the sky our jocund song
Told the city was no more!

William Maginn.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

O MAGDEBURG the town!
Fair maids thy beauty crown,
Thy charms fair maids and matrons crown;
O Magedeburg the town!

Where all so blooming stands,
Advance fierce Tilly's bands;
O'er gardens and o'er well-tilled lands
Advance fierce Tilly's bands.

Now Tilly 's at the gate.
Our homes who 'll liberate?
Go, loved one, hasten to the gate,
And dare the combat straight!

There is no need as yet,
However fierce his threat;
Thy rosy cheeks I 'll kiss, sweet pet!
There is no need as yet.

My longing makes me pale,
O, what can wealth avail?
E'en now thy father may be pale.
Thou mak'st my courage fail.

O mother, give me bread!
Is then my father dead?
O mother, one small crust of bread!
O, what misfortune dread!

Thy father, dead lies he,
The trembling townsmen flee,
Adown the street the blood runs free;
O, whither shall we flee?

The churches ruined lie,
The houses burn on high,

The roofs they smoke, the flames out fly,
Into the street then hie!

No safety there they meet!
The soldiers fill the street,
With fire and sword the wreck complete:
No safety there they meet!

Down falls the houses' line,
Where now is thine or mine?
That bundle yonder is not thine
Thou flying maiden mine!

The women sorrow sore,
The maidens far, far more.
The living are no virgins more:
Thus Tilly's troops make war!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

THE FALL OF MAGDEBURG.

"TROY and Jerusalem have fallen, but ne'er,"
Wrote Tilly, "the destroying angel, sire,
Lit, until now, a city's funeral pyre,
Like that which hath laid low the strong and fair,
But heretic Magdeburg."—O, bid me spare
The tale: my blood would freeze, or brain would fire,
To tell the horrors which sectarian ire,
Croat, Walloon, scarred Pappenheim, wrought there.
Yet mid the flames, and thirty thousand dead,
While salvos from the smoke-grimed cannon leaped,

The victors, lust-polluted, murder-fed,
Mocked God in the Cathedral, chanting high
"Te Deum," and the demon Blasphemy
Veiled on the altar-steps his face, and wept.

John Bruce Norton.

Mannheim.

SANDT, THE MURDERER OF KOTZEBUE.

THE night was stormy; yet the clang
Of hammers through the darkness rang,
And on the rampart's vapory swamp
High swung one faint and fitful lamp,
And came upon the gusty swell
The challenge of the sentinel,
As if some deed were doing there
Unfit for man to see or hear.

Morn broke on twilight, dim and slow;
By Mannheim's gates were signs of woe,—
A scaffold hung with black, a chair,
A sable bench, a sabre bare,
Told that before the setting sun
Some wretch's chain should be undone.

The gates roll back, and from the wall
Come chargers' tramp and trumpet-call;
And, in the horsemen's midst, the dawn

Gleams on a face lone, wild, and wan.
The dazzled eye, the lip of blue,
Tell that to them the light is new;
Tell of the chain, the heavy air,
That damps the felon's sleepless lair.
The hand, — that pale, thin hand, which now
So feebly wanders o'er the brow,
By that was murder done; the stain
That left the hand has dyed the brain.

The troops have reached the fatal stair,
The headsman stands beside the chair;
The pale, uncovered multitude
Are hushed as death; now — blood for blood!

High Heaven! what burning thoughts must roll
Through man beside that fearful goal?
Conscience has started from her sleep;
Now, man of sin! thy harvest reap.
He sees a traitor's step intrude
Upon an old man's solitude;
He sees the dagger in his heart,
The writhe ere soul and body part,
The gasp, the dying gush of gore:
The murderer dares to think no more,
Curses the moment's frantic zeal,
And hurries to the headsman's steel.

Yet, when beneath the rising sun
His native mountains lovely shone,
He raised one eastward, eager glare,

Wildly inhaled the living air,
On sun and sky his eyeball cast,
Like one who on them looked his last;
Gave to the world one dreary sigh,
Then summoned his sad strength to die.

The sword flashed round, the red blood sprang,
To heaven arose the trumpet-clang, —
And of the murderer all that lay
Upon that floor was blood and clay.

George Croly.

Mayence (Mentz, Mainz).

HENRY FRAUENLOB.

IN Mentz 't is hushed and lonely, the streets are waste and drear,
And none but forms of sorrow, clad in mourning garbs, appear;
And only from the steeple sounds the death-bell's sullen boom;
One street alone is crowded, and it leads but to the tomb.

And as the echo from the tower grows faint and dies away,
Unto the minster comes a still and sorrowful array,—
The old man and the young, the child, and many a maiden fair;
And every eye is dim with tears, in every heart is care.

Six virgins in the centre bear a coffin and a bier,
And to the rich high-altar steps with deadened chant
draw near,
Where all around for saintly forms are dark escutch-
eons found,
With a cross of simple white displayed upon a raven
ground.

And, placed that raven pall above, a laurel-garland
green,
The minstrel's verdant coronet, his meed of song, is seen;
His golden harp, beside it laid, a feeble murmur flings,
As the evening wind sweeps sadly through its now for-
saken strings.

Who rests within his coffin there? For whom this
general wail?
Is some beloved monarch gone, that old and young look
pale?
A king, in truth, — a king of song! and Frauenlob his
name;
And thus in death his fatherland must celebrate his
fame.

Unto the fairest flowers of heaven that bloom this earth
along,
To women's worth, did he on earth devote his death-
less song;
And though the minstrel hath grown old, and faded
be his frame,
They yet requite what he in life hath done for love
and them.

Graf von Auersperg. Tr. Anon.

Meissen.

THE LAND SALIQUE.

YET their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised by the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five.

William Shakespeare.

Minden.

DEATH OF ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

SO stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight.
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he 's safe! the battle 's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.

"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"O, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, O, wait my love's return!"
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
"O, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
"Eliza" echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand";
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast.
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake,—
Why do you weep? Mamma will soon awake."
"She 'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner cried.
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,

And all the father kindled in his heart:
"O heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

Erasmus Darwin.

Mohrin, the Lake.

THE GREAT CRAB IN LAKE MOHRIN.

IN the town of Mohrin they never sleep,
But day and night in the lake they peep:
May no good Christian child live to see
The day when once the great crab gets free!
He 's fastened in the lake there
With fetters down below,
Else would he work the country
A dreadful, dreadful woe!

The creature 's miles in length, they say,
And often turns over, and woe 's the day
When he once gets loose: he 's on the land, —
No power can ever his march withstand:
And, as advancing backward,
The way with crabs, you know,
Why backward, *nolens volens*,
All things must with him go.

Such going backwards that will be!
The meat you put in your mouth, d' ye see?
Will not stay there, but straightway trot
Back to the plate, and then to the pot!
The bread will turn to wheat again,
The meal will turn to corn,
And everything will be just what
It was before 't was born.

The timber from the house 'll get free,
And back to the woods, a rustling tree;
The tree will creep back to a shoot, as of yore,
The mortar turn to lime once more,
The ox will be a calf again,
The calf go back to the cow,
And the cow again, in her turn,
Be what the calf is now!

Back to the flower will go the wax,
The shirt on the back will turn to flax,
The flax to linseed change, and then
Into the ground creep back again.
And first the Burgomaster
Will suffer change, they say;
The people all shall see him
A sucking child that day.

And after him the councilmen,
And all the talented writers, then;
And the corporation stripped shall be
Of its corporate capacity.

The rector on the school-bench
Will sit, a scholar small;
In short, the world grow back again
To children, one and all.

All shall go back to earth's green sod,
And each, with Adam, be a clod.
The winged tribes will keep longest about,
But they, too, will at last give out.
The hen will be a chicken,
And into the egg creep back,
Which the great crab instanter
With his great tail will crack.

Heaven grant we never so far may get!
The world is living and thriving yet:
Good care is taken by the powers that be
That the old great crab shall never be free.
Just think how this poor ditty
Would share the wretched fate,
Drawn through Fame's trumpet's mouthpiece
Back to the ink-horn straight!

August Kopisch. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

Moselle (Mosel), the River.

THE MOSELLE.

HAIL, O illustrious river! renowned for thy fields and thy farmers!
River that washest the walls of the Belgæ's Imperial city!
River whose ridges are crowned with the vine's odoriferous clusters!
River whose meadows are clothed by the grass with an emerald verdure!
Ships on thy bosom thou bearest, — a sea; a river, thou rollest
Down from the uplands; a lake, in the crystalline depth of thy waters;
Yet like a rill from the mountains, with silvery foot canst meander;
Nor can the coldest spring yield such refreshment as thine is.
River and brooklet and lake art thou, and fountain and ocean, —
Ocean, with ebb and flow of its multitudinous waters.
Peaceful and placid the speed of thy current; no howling of storm-winds
Vexes thy brow; no dark rocks lie lurking to anger thy bosom.

* * *

Oft, in the bend of thy current, thou lookest across, and with wonder

Seemest to see thy own waves gliding backward, and then for a moment
Thou, in thine own proper course, (so dreamest thou haply?) dost linger;
Yet with no slime-gendered reeds thou lazily linest thy borders,
Nor on thy shore in mud and ooze dost thou sluggishly stagnate,
But all unsoiled and unwet come the feet to thy silvery margin.

* * *

Go, and with Phrygian mosaics inlay thou the floor of thy mansion,
Till like the face of a mirror the marble-paved corridors glisten!
I, meanwhile, despising what wealth and luxury offer,
Wonder at Nature's works, where never a miserly boaster,
Not even poverty, grasps, in the joy of the lavish creation.
Silvery sand and pure pebbles adorn this clean floor of the river,
And it retains in remembrance no trace of the last passing footprint.
Down through the crystalline depths of the waters we see to the bottom.
They have no mysteries to hide; and, as in the clear upper heavens
Ranges the eye far round through all the circling horizon,
What time no breath of wind shakes a leaflet or ripples the water,

So in the blue heaven below the eye freely ranges or lingers,
And in the azure-light chambers sees manifold shapes of rare beauty;
Plants that gracefully wave in the silent sway of the waters,
And through green groves of moss glittering jewels of sand.

* * *

Lo! how the slippery swarms of fishes that chase one another
Through the green labyrinth there, in and out, in perpetual motion,
Charm and bewilder at once the eye of the wearied beholder!
All the names and the tribes of the numberless finny creation,
Whether of those that swim down stream on their way to the ocean,
Or those that follow each other up-river in shoals never ending.

* * *

There, in the liquid glass, the bending forms of the oarsmen, —
Shadowy oarsmen, dipping alternate in time with the real,
Only in inverse position, are seen gliding merrily onward.
How the illusive picture delights the charmed eyes of the young folk!

Such the ecstatic delight of the child when the nurse at the toilet
Holds up before her the glass and shows her her shadowy sister,
Looking so real to her, — as if 't were her double incarnate, —
That she must needs imprint a kiss, in her wondering transport,
On the blank metal that stares with a cold, unanswering surface.

* * *

But what end can I find of celebrating thy waters,
Blue as the blue of the ocean, that mirrors the heavens, O Mosella!
Lo! what innumerable streams come down, either side, from the mountains,
Eager to mingle their waters with thine! full fain would they linger
In the fair regions they pass; but a yearning far mightier bids them
Baptize themselves into thy name, and bury themselves in thy bosom.

* * *

Yea, majestic Mosella! had Smyrna but lent thee her singer,
Mantua bequeathed thee her bard, not Simois, then, nor Ilyssus,
Nay, not Tiber himself, should go before thee in glory!
Mighty Rome, — thy forgiveness! Far from thy greatness be envy!

Ever my prayer is: May Nemesis (strange to the tongue
of the Latin)
Guard thee, of empire the seat, — guard, Rome! thy
illustrious Fathers!
Hail! O Mosella, to thee, great parent of fruits and of
peoples!
Thee an heroic nobility graces, a youth of tried prowess,
Thee an excellent speech that rivals the Latian language.
Nay, to thy sons has been given by Nature, with earnest,
grave faces,
And with refinement of manners, the deep-welling joy
of the spirit.
Not old Rome alone can point with pride to her Catos,
Nor was the model of truth and integrity buried forever
With the just Aristides, sometime the glory of Athens.

* * *

Let me sing to the close the praise of the glorious river,
Follow the sweep of its tide rejoicing along the green
meadows,
Till in the waves of the Rhine it shall come to receive
consecration!
Open, O Rhine! thy blue bosom! Spread wide thy
green fluttering garments
To the new stream that with thine would mingle its
sisterly waters!
Nor does it bring thee alone the wealth of its waters;
but stately
Sweeps from the walls of the city, the princely that
once saw in triumph
Father and son return from Nicer and Lupodunum.

* * *

Proud grew the laurel and high from the field of the freshly won battles;
Soon other lands may bear others; but ye, as brother and sister,
Roll in majesty on to the purple expanse of the ocean!
Fear not, O glorious Rhine! that thy name and thy fame shall be lessened!
Far from the host be all envy! Thy name and renown are immortal!
Sure of thy glory, then open thy wide arms to welcome thy sister!

Ausonius. Tr. C. T. Brooks.

THE MOSELLE.

AH! 't is dying out in me,
The old fire of poesy,
Else my heart, though dark as night,
Would be filled with new delight
Thus to float, as in a dream,
Down this old heroic stream,
By whose banks Ausonius sung
In the dead Virgilian tongue,
Down from where the noiseless waves
Lap the solemn walls of Treves,
Down by hamlet, tower, and shrine,
Till at length the stately Rhine,
Like a bridegroom watching well,
Weds and bears thee off, Moselle!

Ah! 't is dying out in me,
Else I feel that there would be

Kindled in my eager eye
A diviner ecstasy
By those hills o'er which heaven's sign
Shone in fire to Constantine, —
Hills that swell to fairest shape,
Sun-touched peak, and wooded cape,
Jutting crag with crown of green,
Quietest valley spread between,
Where, if sense of awe be less,
Deeper grows the tenderness,
Deeper the delight to dwell
Where thou art, beloved Moselle!

Up and down the mightier Rhine
Castles rise and cities shine;
Thou, like some sweet rustic maid,
Half of thy own charms afraid,
Half unconscious of the grace
Heaven has showered upon thy face,
Wanderest at thy own pure will
Where the landscape lieth still,
Far from passion and from sin,
Hearing not the loud world's din,
Knowing not that yonder Rhine
Soon shall mix his life with thine,
Soon like bridegroom watching well,
Wed and bear thee off, Moselle!

Henry Glassford Bell.

Mummelsee.

THE LILY-MAIDENS.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

ANIGH the gloomy Mummel-See
Do live the palest lilies many:
All day they droop so drowsily,
In azure air and rainy;
But when the dreamful noon of night
Rains down on earth its yellow light,
Up spring they, full of lightness,
In woman's form and brightness.

The sad reeds moan like spirits bound
Along the troubled water's border,
As, hand-with-hand, linked wreathwise round,
The virgins dance in order,
Moonwhite in features as in dress,
Till o'er their phantom huelessness
A warmer color gushes,
And tints their cheeks with blushes.

Then pipe the reeds a sadder tune;
The wind raves through the tannen-forest;
The wolves in chorus bay the moon,
Where glance her gray beams hoarest;
And round and round the darkling grass
In mazy whirl the dancers pass,

And loudlier boom the billows
Among the reeds and willows.

But see! — the Giant-Elf anon
Half rises from the water's bosom,
With streaming beard, and head whereon
Dank weeds for garlands blossom;
And, fiercely lifting towards the strand
A naked arm and clenchéd hand,
He shouts in tones of thunder
That wake the abysses under!

Then lake and winds and dancers rest:
And, as the water ceases booming,
The Elf cries, "Hence, ye shapes unblest,
And leave my lilies blooming!"
And lo! the streaky morn is up,
Dew-diamonds brim each flowret's cup,
And Mummel's lily-daughters
Once more bend o'er his waters.

James Clarence Mangan.

NOT AT HOME.

"One grand cause of this uneasiness is, that Man is not at home." — Godwin, *Thoughts on Man.*

MY spirit, alas, knoweth no rest!
I lay under heaven's blue dome,
One day, in the summer beam,
By the Mummelsee in the forest,
And dreamed a dream
Of my Home —

My Home, the Home of my Father!
Shone glory within and without;
  Shone bright in its garden bowers
Such fruits as the angels gather,
  And gold-hued flowers
All about!

Alas! the illusion soon vanished.
I awoke. There were clouds in the sky.
  My tears began to flow.
My quiet of soul was banished;
  I felt as though
I could die!

And still with a heart ever swelling
With yearnings, — and still with years
  Overdarked by a desolate lot,
I seek for my father's dwelling,
  And see it not
For my tears!

James Clarence Mangan.

Nassau.

HEINZ VON STEIN.

OUTRODE from his wild dark castle
  The terrible Heinz von Stein:
He came to the door of a tavern,
  And gazed at the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love-longing,
He uttered, "O, damosell mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein."

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine."

O, then the bold knight was angry,
And cursed both coarse and fine;
And asked, "How much is the swindle
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

Jakob Victor Scheffel. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Naumburg.

THE HUSSITES BEFORE NAUMBURG.

THE Hussites invested Naumburg,
By way of Jena and Kamburg.
On the "Vogelwies," afar and near,
Naught was seen but sword and spear,
Near one hundred thousand.

And when Naumburg they invested,
Plague the people a great distress did.
Hunger bit them, thirst held fast;
Half an ounce of coffee at last
Sixteen pennies cost them.

And when naught it seemed could save them,
One good scheme some hope still gave them;
For a pedagogue set his wit
To find a stratagem, and hit
On his little scholars.

"Children," said he, "you are young, sure;
None of you has done any wrong, sure.
I will lead you to Prokop;
He won't be so bad, I hope,
That he should destroy you.

Old Prokop this mightily please did;
He on cherries the youngsters feasted;

Then he drew his sword from its case,
And commanded, "Right about face,
Backward march from Naumburg."

In this miracle's honor the people
Every year a holiday keep all.
Surely the cherry-feast you know,
Where with our cask to the tents we go, —
Victory and freedom!

From the German. Tr. H. W. Dulcken.

Neckar, the River.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried, —
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, —
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Johann Ludwig Uhland. Tr. Sarah Austin.

TO THE RIVER NECKAR.

HOW oft thy margent green do I recall,
Sweet stream! where we at eve were wont to stray,
Gathering the wild pinks at our feet that lay
On knoll and meadow, oversprinkling all, —
Oft sitting down to listen to the fall
Of thy pure waters as they gurgling leapt
From pool to pool, or 'mong the sedges tall,
With whispers soft as woman's, slowly crept.
There is a quiet beauty in thy banks
That never tires the mind: pleasing the more
To us, late wandering mid the Alpine ranks,
Rearing to heaven their rugged summits hoar;
Burdening the soul: a beauty, calm, not gay,
As friendship is to love, as eve to day.

James Cochrane.

THE NECKAR.

SUNSET! on the plain that spreads
Onward to the glowing Rhine:
Sunset on the purple heads
Of Alsatia's mountain line:
Red sunset on the vines that creep
Far along the rocky steep,
Till those giant forests rise
Dark against the clear, broad skies,
All streaked and flecked with sunset's glow,
Down to the river's banks below.

Silver Neckar! crimsoned o'er
With the beam, from shore to shore,
Silver Neckar! devious still,
Doubling, turning at thy will,
Circling through the meadows' maze,
Joyous in the golden blaze,
Till thy waters, full and free,
Swell the Rhine's majestic sea.

Odenwald! in misty gray
Fade thy crowding heights away:
But fair Heidelberg stands out,
All her ruins girt about
With a diadem of gold,
Such as crowned her once of old,
When two royal lovers stood,[1]

[1] The Elector Frederic the Fifth and Elizabeth of England.

Gazing from this charméd grove,
Blest in tender solitude,
Till ambition conquered love.

Velleda! prophetess, whose fane
Gave place to these abodes of joy,
Didst thou foretell — alas! — in vain!
What fate their glories should destroy,
And this fair temple be as lone,
As desolate, as erst thy own?
Ah! in the changes wrought by Time,
Whose sullen waves roll fiercely on,
What boots, amidst his course sublime,
A race of kings, — or prophets, — gone!

Louisa Stuart Costello.

North Sea.

THALATTA.

THALATTA! Thalatta!
I greet thee, thou Ocean eternal!
I give thee ten thousand times greeting,
With heart all exulting,
As, ages since, hailed thee
Those ten thousand Greek hearts
Fate-conquering, home-yearning,
World-renowned Greek hearts.

The billows were rolling,
Were rolling and roaring,

The sun poured downward incessant
The flickering rose-lights;
Affrighted, the flocks of the sea-mews
Fluttered away, loud screaming;
The steeds were stamping, the shields were clanging,
And far, like a shout of victory, echoed
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou Ocean eternal, I greet thee!
Like the tongue of my home is the dash of thy waters!
Like dreams of my childhood now sparkle before me
All the wide curving waves of thy rolling dominions.
I hear, as told newly, the old recollections
Of the trifles I loved in the days of my boyhood.
Of the bright gifts that glittered at Christmas; —
Of the scarlet branches of coral,
Of the gold-fish, the pearls and gay sea-shells,
Of all that thou guardest in secret
Below in thy houses of crystal!

O, how have I languished,
Aweary in exile!
Like a poor faded flower shut up in an herbal
Lay my heart in my bosom;
'T is as if I had sat through the winter
A sick man shut up in my chamber,
And now I had suddenly left it, —
And dazzlingly glitters upon me
The emerald Spring, sun-awakened!
On the trees are the white blossoms rustling,
And the young flowers look up unto me,

With moist loving eyes full of beauty.
All is fragrance and murmurs and soft airs and laughter,
And in the blue heavens the birds are a singing
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Heinrich Heine. Tr. W. H. Hurlburt.

Nuremberg (Nürnberg).

HANS SACH'S POETICAL MISSION.

EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT WOODCUT.

EARLY within his workshop here,
On Sundays stands our master dear;
His dirty apron he puts away,
And wears a cleanly doublet to-day;
Lets waxed thread, hammer, and pincers rest,
And lays his awl within his chest;
The seventh day he takes repose
From many pulls and many blows.

Soon as the spring sun meets his view,
Repose begets him labor anew;
He feels that he holds within his brain
A little world, that broods there amain,
And that begins to act and to live,
Which he to others would gladly give.

He had a skilful eye and true,
And was full kind and loving too.

For contemplation, clear and pure, —
For making all his own again, sure;
He had a tongue that charmed when 't was heard,
And graceful and light flowed every word;
Which made the Muses in him rejoice,
The master-singer of their choice.

And now a maiden entered there,
With swelling breast and body fair;
With footing firm she took her place,
And moved with stately, noble grace;
She did not walk in wanton mood,
Nor look around with glances lewd.
She held a measure in her hand,
Her girdle was a golden band,
A wreath of corn was on her head,
Her eye the day's bright lustre shed;
Her name is honest Industry,
Else, Justice, Magnanimity.
She entered with a kindly greeting;
He felt no wonder at the meeting,
For, kind and fair as she might be,
He long had known her, fancied he.

"I have selected thee," she said,
"From all who earth's wild mazes tread,
That thou shouldst have clear-sighted sense,
And naught that 's wrong shouldst e'er commence.
When others run in strange confusion,
Thy gaze shall see through each illusion;
When others dolefully complain,

Thy cause with jesting thou shalt gain,
Honor and right shalt value duly,
In everything act simply, truly, —
Virtue and godliness proclaim,
And call all evil by its name,
Naught soften down, attempt no quibble,
Naught polish up, naught vainly scribble.
The world shall stand before thee, then,
As seen by Albert Dürer's ken,
In manliness and changeless life,
In inward strength, with firmness rife.
Fair Nature's genius by the hand
Shall lead thee on through every land,
Teach thee each different life to scan,
Show thee the wondrous ways of man,
His shifts, confusions, thrustings, and drubbings,
Pushings, tearings, pressings, and rubbings;
The varying madness of the crew,
The ant-hill's ravings bring to view;
But thou shalt see all this expressed,
As though 't were in a magic chest.
Write these things down for folks on earth,
In hopes they may to wit give birth."
Then she a window opened wide,
And showed a motley crowd outside,
All kinds of beings 'neath the sky,
As in his writings one may spy.

Our master dear was, after this,
On Nature thinking, full of bliss,
When toward him, from the other side,

He saw an agéd woman glide;
The name she bears, Historia,
Mythologia, Fabula;
With footstep tottering and unstable
She dragged a large and wooden-carved table,
Where, with wide sleeves and human mien,
The Lord was catechising seen;
Adam, Eve, Eden, the Serpent's seduction,
Gomorrah and Sodom's awful destruction,
The twelve illustrious women, too,
That mirror of honor brought to view;
All kinds of bloodthirstiness, murder, and sin,
The twelve wicked tyrants also were in,
And all kinds of goodly doctrine and law;
Saint Peter with his scourge you saw,
With the world's ways dissatisfied,
And by our Lord with power supplied.
Her train and dress, behind and before,
And e'en the seams, were painted o'er
With tales of worldly virtue and crime.
Our master viewed all this for a time;
The sight right gladly he surveyed,
So useful for him in his trade,
Whence he was able to procure
Example good and precept sure,
Recounting all with truthful care,
As though he had been present there.
His spirit seemed from earth to fly,
He ne'er had turned away his eye,
Did he not just behind him hear
A rattle of bells approaching near.

And now a fool would catch his eye,
With goat and ape's leap drawing nigh,
A merry interlude preparing
With fooleries and jests unsparing.
Behind him, in a line drawn out,
He dragged all fools, the lean and stout,
The great and little, the empty and full,
All too witty, and all too dull.
A lash he flourished overhead,
As though a dance of apes he led,
Abusing them with bitterness,
As though his wrath would ne'er grow less.

While on this sight our master gazed,
His head was growing wellnigh crazed:
What words for all could he e'er find?
Could such a medley be combined?
Could he continue with delight
Forevermore to sing and write?
When lo, from out a cloud's dark bed
In at the upper window sped
The Muse, in all her majesty,
As fair as our loved maids we see.
With clearness she around him threw
Her truth, that ever stronger grew.

"I, to ordain thee come," she spake:
"So prosper, and my blessing take!
The holy fire that slumbering lies
Within thee, in bright flames shall rise;
Yet that thine ever-restless life

May still with kindly strength be rife,
I, for thine inward spirit's calm,
Have granted nourishment and balm,
That rapture may thy soul imbue,
Like some fair blossom bathed in dew."

Behind his house then secretly
Outside the doorway pointed she,
Where, in a shady garden-nook,
A beauteous maid with downcast look
Was sitting where a stream was flowing,
With elder-bushes near it growing.
She sat beneath an apple-tree,
And naught around her seemed to see.
Her lap was full of roses fair,
Which in a wreath she twined with care,
And with them leaves and blossoms blended:
For whom was that sweet wreath intended?
Thus sat she, modest and retired,
Her bosom throbbed, with hope inspired;
Such deep forebodings filled her mind,
No room for wishing could she find,
And with the thoughts that o'er it flew,
Perchance a sigh was mingled too.

"But why should sorrow cloud thy brow?
That, dearest love, which fills thee now
Is fraught with joy and ecstasy,
Prepared in one alone for thee,
That he within thine eye may find
Solace when fortune proves unkind,

And be new-born through many a kiss,
That he receives with inward bliss;
Whene'er he clasps thee to his breast,
May he from all his toils find rest;
When he in thy dear arms shall sink,
May he new life and vigor drink:
Fresh joys of youth shalt thou obtain,
In merry jest rejoice again.
With raillery and roguish spite
Thou now shalt tease him, now delight.
Thus Love will nevermore grow old,
Thus will the minstrel ne'er be cold!"

While he thus lives, in secret blessed,
Above him in the clouds doth rest
An oak-wreath, verdant and sublime,
Placed on his brow in after-time;
While they are banished to the slough,
Who their great master disavow.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Tr. E. A. Bowring.

ALBERT DÜRER'S STUDIO.

IN the house of Albert Dürer
Still is seen the studio
Where the pretty Nurembergers
(Cheeks of rose and necks of snow)
Sat to have their portraits painted,
Thrice a hundred years ago.

Still is seen the little loop-hole
Where Frau Dürer's jealous care

Watched the artist at his labor,
And the sitter in her chair,
To observe each word and motion
That should pass between the pair.

Handsome, hapless Albert Dürer
Was as circumspect and true
As the most correct of husbands,
When the dear, delightful shrew
Has him and his sweet companions
Every moment under view.

But I trow that Albert Dürer
Had within his heart a spot
Where he sat and painted pictures
That gave beauty to his lot,
And the sharp intrusive vision
Of Frau Dürer entered not.

Ah! if brains and hearts had loop-holes,
And Frau Dürer could have seen
All the pictures that his fancy
Hung upon their walls within,
How minute had been her watching,
And how good he would have been!

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his
holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to
age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of
sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the
painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, rev-
erent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy
hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better
Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he
lies;
Dead he is not, but departed, — for the artist never
dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems
more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has
breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these ob-
scure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic
strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the
friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the
swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic
rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's
chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the
flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the
loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the
gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang
and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded
floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the
door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's
song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard
white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his
cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's an-
tique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and shadows, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Ober-Ammergau.

THE "CHRISTUS."

THE PASSION-PLAY OF OBER-AMMERGAU.

HOW does life seem to thee? I long to look
Into thine inmost soul and see if thou
Art even as other men! O, set apart
And consecrate so long to purpose high,
Canst thou take up again our common lot

And live as we live? Canst thou buy and sell,
Stoop to small needs and petty ministries,
Work and get gain, eat, drink, and soundly sleep,
Sin and repent as these thy brethren do?
Unto what name less sacred answerest thou
Who hast been called the Christ of Nazareth?
Thou who hast worn the awful crown of thorns,
Hanging like him upon the dreadful tree,
Canst thou, uncrowned, forget thy royalty?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Odenwald.

STARLIGHT IN THE ODENWALD.

UPON the mountain's rugged crest
There lingers still a glow,
But twilight's gathering gloom has drest
The valleys far below;
No wild wind sways the mountain pine,
No breeze bends down the flower,
And dim and faint the star-beams shine
Upon the vesper hour.

Here, in the fading sunset light,
I breathe the upper air,
And hear the low, sad voice of Night,
Inviting Earth to prayer!

Still deeper through the wide profound
The solemn shadows fall,
And rest upon the hills around
Like Nature's funeral pall.

Now comes to break the breathless spell,
In blended evening-hymn,
The chime of many a distant bell
From valleys deep and dim;
And as they fall, the warder-star
That guards the twilight pale,
Looks o'er the eastern hills afar
And dons his silver mail.

The shadows deepen, as I stand —
The rosy glow is gone,
And westward, towards my native land,
The sunset marches on!
Ye stars, with whose familiar glance
My thoughts are mingling free,
Shine, glimmering o'er the wide expanse,
And bear them home for me!

Still all is breathless, as in prayer,
But to my spirit-ear
Kind voices float upon the air,
Fond eyes are beaming near.
The love, whose pinions never rest,
Soars, constant, o'er the sea,
And by the thrill within my breast
I know they speak of me!

The gentle spirit of the hour
Melts in the dew of tears,
And yielding to its spell of power
I muse on vanished years,
Till through the gloom no more is heard
The solemn evening-chime,
And mourn the pine-boughs, faintly stirred,
The hurrying march of Time.

Bayard Taylor.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted, that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn from the mountain tower,
As the Wild Night Huntsman passed,
And the roar of the stormy chase went by
Through the dark unquiet sky!

The stag sprang up from his mossy bed
When he caught the piercing sounds,
And the oak-boughs crashed to his antlered head,
As he flew from the viewless hounds;
And the falcon soared from her craggy height,
Away through the rushing night!

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert place,

As the cloud and tempest onward rolled
With the din of the trampling race;
And the glens were filled with the laugh and shout,
And the bugle, ringing out!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
At the castle's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the harp's triumphal chord;
And the Minnesinger's thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,
And the hermit dropped his beads,
And a trembling ran through the forest shade,
At the neigh of the phantom steeds,
And the church-bells pealed to the rocking blast
As the Wild Night Huntsman passed.

The storm hath swept the chase away,
There is stillness in the sky;
But the mother looks on her son to-day
With a troubled heart and eye,
And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
Midst the gleam of her golden hair!

The Rhine flows bright; but its waves erelong
Must hear a voice of war,
And a clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,—
For the Huntsman hath gone by!

Felicia Hemans.

Paderborn.

DIALOGUE ON THE PADERBORN HEATH.

"HEAR'ST thou not far music ringing,
Viol sweet, and organ sounding?
Many a lovely form is springing,
In yon elf-dance flitting, bounding."

"How, my friend? your mind must wander,
Or my hearing 's strangely blunted:
I can hear no fiddling yonder;
Only swine which just now grunted."

"Hear'st thou not the bugle pealing?
Hunters blithe through greenwood straying,
Lambs I see o'er meadows stealing,
Shepherds on their reed pipes playing."

"Ah, my friend, your ears are humming:
There 's no pipe or bugle pealing;
I but see a swineherd coming,
And before him pigs a-squealing."

"Hear'st thou not melodious measure,
As a strife of voices singing?
Angels hear it, rapt in pleasure,
Beating time on pinions swinging."

"That which seemed to you so pleasant
Was no heavenly minstrels' striving;

Friend, it 's just a little peasant
Singing as his geese he 's driving!"

"Hear'st thou church-bells as if talking,
Sweetly, strangely, wildly flowing?
See the congregation walking,
Calmly to the chapel going!"

"Ah, my friend, it 's but the tinkling
From the distant cow-bells given,
As the kine, by starlight twinkling,
Slowly to their stalls are driven."

"See yon fluttering veil, — O, wonder!
See, — a beckoning form advances!
'T is my loved one standing yonder,
Tearful sorrow in her glances!"

"Ah, my friend, she who approaches
Is Old Liz, from the wood's shadow;
Pale and tottering on her crutches,
She goes limping towards the meadow."

"Smile, dear friend, that so I borrow
Forms for such fantastic seeming:
O that all my heart's deep sorrow
Thou couldst turn to idle dreaming!"

Heinrich Heine. Tr. C. G. Leland.

Potsdam.

POTSDAM AND SANSOUCI.

POTSDAM, thou cradle of a line of kings,
Quiet in thy greatness, a historic crown
Rests well upon thee and on Sansouci,
The home of him whom sternly gained Renown
Calls "Great" forever. Let us backward turn
The page of history in our mental eye
From the imperial glory of to-day,
And rest upon a bygone century.

Now see we, walking in the royal park
Of his loved Sansouci, a bended form,
And though the fire of youth may yet flash forth
Defiance from his eye 'gainst every storm,
Yet is he old. His work is nearly done.
A youthful prince[1] attentive by his side,
His favorite, destined to be also great,
He is in all the aged monarch's pride.

Thus walking side by side, "Old Fritz" has plied
The prince with questions 'bout his daily task
Of lessons. Quiet pride does rest upon
The old king's face. He may no question ask
But what is answered promptly, truthfully,
With grace and ken beyond the prince's years;
And the king knows that Prussia in such hands,
Though all around be dark, need have no fears.

[1] The prince was the grandnephew of Frederick the Great, and a son of Frederick William the Second.

They stand, to part, beside the obelisk
That guards the entrance. "Look!" the monarch says;
"Here is a lesson. Sermons rest in stones:
This obelisk does speak from point to base.
Its airy form may reach into the blue,
But from below comes all its strength and power.
Thus with your people. Their love be your strength
In future. Farewell! Don't forget this hour!"

And he remembered! When the wings of Time
Pressed Prussia's crown upon the prince's head,
King Frederic William, third one of his name,
Fellow he proved of the illustrious dead
In wisdom and in justice. Though for years
His ashes mingle with ancestral dust,
The grateful hearts of his loved people keep
His memory green. Still is he named: "*The Just!*"

Arthur von Rapp.

Prevorst.

TO THE GHOST-SEERESS OF PREVORST AFTER HER DECEASE.

FAREWELL! — the All I owe to thee
This breast enshrined shall ever keep:
Mine inner sense upwakes to see
The ghostworld's clear and wondrous deep.

Where'er thy home, in light or shade,
A spirit still thou wert and art:
O, if my faith shall fail or fade,
Send thou a sign to cheer my heart!

And, since thou soon shalt share the power
Of purer spirits, blesséd, bright,
Sustain me in that fateful hour
When death shall rob mine eyes of light!

Above thy grave-mound blooms and blows
Of all dear flowers the dearest one,
Mute witness of the Saviour's woes,
Thine own beloved Hypericon.

And that lone flower, blood-hued at heart,
And gold without, from every leaf
Shall nightly to my soul impart
The memory of thy faith and grief.

Farewell! — the world may mock, may rave;
Me little move its words or ways;
Men's idle scorn he well can brave
Who never wooed their idler praise.

James Clarence Mangan.

END OF VOL. I.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09772 332 2